EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

A monthly publication devoted to the interests of the Employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company

Architect's drawing of the interior of the north transept and crossing of Washington Cathedral as they will look when completed. Construction is now going forward on the massive piers of the crossing shown in the foreground. The Canterbury Ambon or Cathedral Pulpit fashioned from stone from Canterbury Cathedral in England and the Bishop Mackay-Smith Memorial Lectern are shown in the lower right hand corner.

(Photograph by permission of Washington Cathedral, Mount Saint Alban, D. C.)

EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY
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Washington National Cathedral

Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul

Mount St. Alban, Washington

By Jessie McDiarmid

IT WAS in a tiny church in a tiny inland town in Nebraska one Sunday morning some years ago that we first heard about the National Cathedral of the Episcopal Church at Washington, D. C., as an enthusiastic young English-American, the rector of the little mission church in which we found ourselves for morning prayers, told about the cathedral at Mount Saint Alban, in the building of which all America could share. He likened it to Westminister Abbey of London, near which he'd gone to school and which he knew very well—the Westminister Abbey of a New World, the planned perfection of decorated fourteenth century Gothic architecture, carrying the inspiration of thousands of prayerful contributors. Nor did the pictured grandeur make the meagerness of the tiny church incongruous. It related itself to it through the young rector's enthusiastic description and seemed but to shed some of its glow on the tiny congregation of like faith.

As we next heard of it—: An inspiring mother, resident in Washington, who loves to look at its now completed and lighted apse which is visible from her drawing-room windows. We have not known this mother save through the fineness of her youngest son, but have liked to think about the spire-sky vista of the cathedral apse glowing above the dark tree tops at night, and lending inspiration to inspiring motherhood.

Here and there we have read and heard about the National Cathedral but it is to Reverend R. E. Abrahams of Rock Springs we are most indebted for information about one of the stupendous achievements-in-the-making of our age. And it is of interest to the readers of this magazine who reside in Wyoming to know that the new church of the Holy Communion of Rock Springs, of which Reverend Mr. Abrahams is rector, will be when it is completed, of pure English Gothic design as is the National Cathedral.

Original Plan of Washington

The Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, or the Washington Cathedral as it has come to be known, belongs, in its idea at least, to the very beginning history of the United States since the building of a great National Cathedral for all people was, according to Major L'Enfant, a feature of George Washington's original scheme for the Capital City. L'Enfant defined it as "a church for national purposes." Like many of the visions of Washington, this was not realized until long after the first President's death. But that he planned it lends an element of patriotic, as well as religious, loyalty to its building.

Plans Begun

The first definite steps were taken in 1891 when Charles C. Glover called to a meeting in his home a group of eminent men whose interest he enlisted. Two years afterward Congress granted a charter empowering the Cathedral Foundation to proceed with its work. The site of the Close comprising sixty acres was acquired in 1898 and the architectural plans by Henry Vaughn, of Boston, and Dr. G. F. Bodley, of London, England, were completed in 1907. In their own description of the architectural style these men characterized the selection as "the most beautiful, as we think, that the world has ever seen." Washington is a grandly beautiful city and surely the grandeur of this cathedral, a house of worship "for national purposes" crowns the city as it stands on Mount Saint Alban, four hundred feet above the Potomac, one of the highest points in the District of Columbia, and acknowledged to be one of the finest cathedral sites in the world, rivaled

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Jessie McDiarmid, Editor.

only by that of the Temple of Jerusalem. From the Mount the Potomac Valley and the Maryland and the Virginia hills are visible and one may look down on the City of Washington.

National Interest

The idea of a national cathedral has captured the imagination of a large portion of the American people; more than twenty-six thousand persons, representing every state in the Union, have contributed seven millions of dollars to its realization.

Cruciform in Shape

The cathedral will be cruciform in shape, with two impressive transepts, forming the arms of the cross. In dimension it will compare favorably with most of the great cathedrals of Europe. The total length, measuring from the exterior of the apse to the western entrance will be 534 feet and the width of the transepts will be 135 feet. It will have a total area of 71,000 square feet and the central tower will be 252 feet high.

Bethlehem Chapel

The first portion of the cathedral to be completed was the Bethlehem Chapel in the crypt directly beneath the apse. Here daily services have been held since 1912. It was dedicated as a memorial to Right Reverend Henry Yates Satterlee, first Bishop of Washington. In the burial vault beneath the chapel President Woodrow Wilson and Admiral George Dewey are buried and it is a part of the plans of the Cathedral Foundation that it shall be a national Hall of Fame as is Westminster Abbey, indeed that it may become an international memorial depository; and, since President Wilson is buried in Bethlehem Chapel it has already become an international shrine. In it, too, rest the bodies of Henry Vaughn, one of the original architects of the Cathedral; of Herman Kohlsaat, Chicago publisher, of the Right Reverend Thomas Claggett, first bishop consecrated on American soil, and Mary Gantt, his wife. Behind the altar is a vault where is buried Right Reverend Henry Yates Satterlee and Jane Lawrence, his wife.

The Bethlehem Chapel Tomb of Woodrow Wilson, War President of the United States.

The burial place of President Wilson is marked by a sarcophagus of cream-colored lime stone inscribed with the crusaders cross. Over the sarcophagus is a beautifully carved oak canopy, and surmounting it are three flags, two of which were presented to Wilson at his inauguration and the third which was carried by the first detachment of American troops when they marched through Lon-

Architects' drawing of Washington Cathedral from the southeast, as it will look to the City of Washington when completed.

(Photograph by permission of Washington Cathedral, Mount Saint Alban, D. C.)

don in 1917—proudly waving its right to guard the honor of America then, and now guarding the burial place of the World War President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson.

As the visitor to the Chapel goes down the south aisle there can be seen, under the window, three historic stones lately given to the cathedral—one from the Chapel of Moses on Mount Sinai; a stone carved in the form of a manna pot from an ancient Jewish synagogue in Western China, and a stone from the first church erected on the American continent. A little farther along is a memorial tablet to Major Archibald Butt, military aide to President Roosevelt, who was lost on the Titanic. And on the right wall is a tablet in memory of Margaret S. White, widow of Henry White, once Ambassador to France.

Beautiful Windows

There will be three great rose windows, situated in the north and south transepts and in the western portal. In one it is proposed to represent "The Seven Days of Creation," and for the window in the north transept the subject selected is "The Last Judgment" while the rose window of the south transept will picture "The Church Triumphant"—these three windows picturing the three great epochs in the history of mankind; the beginning of things, the creation; the end of the world in "The Last Judgment" and a triumphant church in the world to come.

Then there will be three tiers of windows on the north and south sides of the nave, nine on either side of the clerestory. In these will be depicted a panorama of the history of the growth of Christian faith and achievement. What an historical gallery that will be! How wonderful to there make and renew the acquaintance of the heroes of Christianity!

There are five clerestory windows on the north and south sides of the choir. These will be devoted to picturing the various scenes when angel messengers of Heaven have appeared to men, as recorded in the Bible. The lower windows of the choir will be devoted to illustrations of the parables, and other scenes from the life of Christ.

The windows of Bethlehem Chapel are particularly lovely representing scenes connected with the Incarnation such as: the angels' proclamation to the shepherds, the wise men presenting their gifts and Simeon's recognition of the Holy Child.

The Children's Chapel

It would be impossible for us to here even record the many treasures of inspiration and history which the cathedral will contain, but the plan for making concrete the story of Christ's love for children in a Children's Chapel touched our imagination. It will be located close to the heart of the cathedral fabric at the intersection of the choir and the south transept. It is the subject of a gift to the Cathedral by Roland L. Taylor of Philadelphia and will be used for special services for children and for children's confirmation and other classes. And in the carvings which will decorate its interior will be further immortalized the folks who, through the ages, have been known because of their friendship for and service to, little children.

Christianity Symbolized

Throughout the cathedral decorative features will depict the story, purposes and strength of the Christian faith. The plans call for more than eight hundred statues (the subjects still to be selected) and through these, the windows, carvings, sculptured bosses, paintings and such media, as well as in the simple stately grandeur of the cathedral itself will be told again and again the story of Christianity. Think of the great Te Deum, the Christian anthem of praise and thanksgiving being represented by the sculptor's chisel, literally chanted in stone! Think of the separate affirmations of the Apostle's Creed represented in the sculptured bosses, ornaments

The Bethlehem Chapel of Washington Cathedral. The scene of Cathedral services since 1912. This chapel contains the tombs of Woodrow Wilson, Admiral George Dewey, Bishop Satterlee and other illustrious Americans.

placed at the intersections of the ribs in the roof vaulting! And sculptured representations of the working out in human life of the principles which the Seven Sacraments involve!

We can but offer our own prayer of thanksgiving for this cathedral of twentieth-century America, honoring our country as do the great cathedrals of Christianity which are the glory of Europe—and symbolizing in this fruition of a patriot's dream the yearning, humble faith and everlasting vitality of the religion of our fathers.

Run of the Mine

Our New President

ON MARCH 4th, Herbert Hoover, born in a small cottage in an Iowa village, August 10, 1874, becomes President of the United States. With a father who was merely the village blacksmith, a mother who was without fame, except such as the thinking world will always accord an industrious God-fearing wife and mother, this boy, whose earlier years ran the same identical course that thousands of American youths have and will in the future run, was tragically left without parents at an early age. With the thought of establishing the child where his opportunities would be most promising, he was at the age of eleven placed on an Iowa train, later to transfer to a day coach on the Union Pacific for the long journey to Portland, at which place he transferred to a river steamer for Newberg, where an uncle had offered the boy a home.

Ye who think that the God of Success sits in Herbert Hoover's lap, look back on that journey as it was taken by few so young, among strangers. With a ticket through to his destination, a basket of food for subsistence and a seat in a day coach for his bed, what were this orphaned boy's thoughts as he rode through the long days and longer nights? Lucky boy! lucky nation! lucky world! for it was out of the tear-stained experiences of his youth that Herbert Hoover developed the desire to make the world a richer and better place for all men, women and children, and it is this dominant trait that will actuate his every movement while he occupies the White House.

What will President Hoover do after March 4th? To begin with he will be President, a task that proved to some of the past incumbents not fully possible. Mr. Hoover was the choice of the people, his party merely a means of rallying the votes of the greatest number of men and women who ever voted for a chief executive at any time, in any nation. Democrats voted for Mr. Hoover, and he will be their President just as he will be for those of all other political schools, and if Democracy in its broadest definition is a government of the people rather than a government by an aristocracy, then Mr. Hoover's administration will be a rational, dignified, democratic one.

We like to think back over Mr. Hoover's career of achievement. Entering Stanford University handicapped with a lack of elementary training, he took up the dual task of earning a living while he ploughed his way through that hardest of courses, Mining Engineering. Unassuming in manner, courteous, efficient always, the small town boy undertook to organize the student body into an effective studying and playing machine, succeeding so well that the great geologist, John Caspor Branner, was attracted to him, giving him, with other instructors, the generous help with his studies he so badly needed.

Next came a job and the world; a world so wide as to take him into England, Australia, India, Burma, China and a hundred other places, and wherever he went he brought American ideas of intelligent planning, American helpers, American methods and American machinery with him. Wherever Herbert Hoover went he won the friendship of the small and the great, for he shrank no task, slighted no obligation, and he carried with him even the sandal shod coolies that worked for him, up and into a better life.

Space forbids and familiarity on the part of our readers jusitfies but scant mention of his great war work, which began in London in 1914, when as if struck by a bolt from the sky, all Europe went mad. The return of thousands of teachers, students and other European tourists to their homes, using money borrowed on his own individual credit in the beginning, with his subsequent task of succoring starving France, Belgium, Poland and other countries, all represent high spots in Mr. Hoover's career.

What will he do as President? The answer is simple, there is but one reply to make to the question. He will, sitting quietly at his desk, think and plan for all the American people, listening to those who have a real message, saying little and saying that well; and this without religious or political rancor, as he spoke during the pre-election period, and as he has less frequently spoken since. He will put a thousand wheels turning, all moving quietly and smoothly toward human betterment, and many of his innovations will prove so simple that we will whisper, "Why did not someone think of that before?"

It must not be forgotten that this great government of ours is a really and truly complicated machine, a machine whose operation is affected by a bewildering array of methods, of traditions, of prejudices and worst of all, by a theory of political expediency. Some task for one man to surmount, but while all Europe stewed in a welter of reconstruction problems, Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, serving a portion of the time a President whose greatest gift and greatest sin was alike

that of over complacency, guided our business affairs into smooth water, and so will he lead the nation for eight years, if his health admits of his serving for that length of time.

The Present Anthracite Market Problem

THAT the Bituminous Coal Industry is not quite alone in its "lack of market" problem, is evidenced by the falling off in the demand for anthracite experienced by the Pennsylvania hard coal producers. The total production of anthracite for ten years is shown below:

Year	Net Tons	Year	Net Tons
1919	88,092,201	1924	87,926,862
1920	89,598,249	1925	61,817,149
1921	90,473,451	1926	84,437,452
1922	54,683,022	1927	80,095,562
1923	93,339,009	1928	76,734,000

In 1922 the production, due to a general strike, fell to the lowest point since the strike of 1902, the output for 1922 falling from 90 million in 1921 to 54 million net tons, the mines averaging in 1922 but 151 working days. Again a low point was reached in 1925 when, due to still another general strike, the mines worked but 182 days, producing less than 62 million tons. Since the strike of 1922 the trend of production has been steadily downward, and no better indication of the reaction of the public to the unrest which has prevailed within the industry for many years, can be found than that expressed by our sister country, Canada.

In 1922 the provinces of Ontario and Quebec depended almost entirely on United States anthracite coal for domestic use. The hardships experienced in 1902-1903 were well forgotten when, due to another general strike, the first one experienced for twenty years, the flow of coal into Canada was preceptibly reduced, and repeated suggestions were then made to our Congress that an embargo be placed on the exportation of anthracite to Canada. This situation disturbed our Canadian friends, with the result that a Dominion Fuel Board was created in 1923, to devise ways and means to insure an adequate fuel supply for Canada.

We have before us the Second Progress Report of the Board which has done much careful painstaking work, the relief suggested taking the form of making a better use of Western Canadian Coal, of hydro-electric power, of peat, of wood and of oil and gas. The end result of the strikes suffered in the anthracite mines in 1922 and in 1925 is represented in a falling off between 1919 and 1928 of 11,358,201 tons or nearly 13 per cent. Some day our civilization will take us past the point where men will continue to believe that the few can punish the many. That day is definitely well over, the Canadian worm by showing a disposition to "turn" only one example.

What Do We Earn?

WITH the view of determining just what our Wyoming employes earn monthly and annually, arrangements were made in the early part of 1926 for the Auditing Department to draw off from the semi-monthly pay roll sheets the actual net earnings of all employes who are paid under the terms of the joint wage agreement. By net earnings is meant the amount earned, less lamp rental and emplosives used by the individual. Prior to 1926 a computation of average earnings was arrived at in the various Superintendent's offices, but such, based on averages and not required to balance with the actual pay roll totals, was not strictly accurate. The figures as now made correspond to a cent with the pay rolls and are dependable. Believing that their publication will prove of interest to all employes, the net monthly earnings for the years 1926, 1927 and 1928 are shown below:

District	1926	1927	1928
Rock Springs	$155.85	$165.64	$183.36
Reliance	153.83	157.16	181.62
Winton	171.59	173.21	194.49
Superior	158.95	165.63	178.23
Hanna	181.32	183.97	178.06
Cumberland	176.09	199.74	218.76
All Mines	$163.76	$171.82	$186.23
Earnings for year	$1,965.87	$2,064.03	$2,234.76
Increase over 1926		$98.16	$268.89

There are certain inherent difficulties to be contended with in the coal industry; the first is that occasioned by shifts in seasonal demand for coal; the other lies in the persistent disinclination of a percentage of men to work when work is available. It may suggest a strange psychology on the part of certain workers, but there are a goodly number who can "take a few days off," regardless of the size of the unpaid store bills or the installments due on automobile, radio, or other similar purchases, without much thought for the net total of their pay checks. As a result of this situation, many extra men are taken into the industry who, by hanging on during the dull season, help to make the pickings poor for the man who is a continuous worker, all of which brings about a decreased annual earning.

The work year in the coal industry is distressingly low when taken at the best, as evidenced by the following statement of days worked by the bituminous coal mines of the nation, of Wyoming, and those of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Year	All U. S. Mines	Wyoming	Union Pacific Coal Co.
1923	179	192	198.8
1924	171	176	181.5
1925	195	178	174.4
1926	215	181	187.4
1927	191	189	214.7
1928	Not available	Not available	248.8

It will be observed that since 1923, the year following the last general strike, the trend of working time has been upward. Taking the country as a whole, Wyoming has not done so well, although The Union Pacific Coal Company has gained 50 days, or more than 25 per cent.

The situation in Washington is somewhat better; the average days worked in all mines within the state for the five years ending with 1927 was 203, while our Tono mine averaged during the same five years 225 days, Tono mine working 229.5 days in 1928.

With an average work year set at 305 to 308 days (legal holidays excluded), there is no valid reason for mine workers willfully absenting themselves from work when work is available to the extent that is now practiced. When men are sick or injured, or when some special situation overtakes their families, they cannot, nor should they be expected to work, but we have often wondered why so many men prefer to loaf around a dull mining village at the expense of needed earnings rather than to do a day's work.

The conditions outlined are, taken as a whole, restricted to a relatively small percentage of men, and the number who seem to think that all the responsibility for a good two weeks pay rests with the employer are gradually growing less. While the day's earnings are important and should be well maintained, it is what a man earns in a month and during the year that determines whether or not he and his family are being properly cared for. Let us keep in mind that the mother of a few children keeps on the job 365 days during the year, and it does not lighten her task much to have "daddy" spend three or four days a month in kidding the store clerks or the pool room manager.

Dr. F. W. Clayton's Visit

TWO inspiring addresses will be delivered in Rock Springs during March, 1929, the first a non-denominational religious sermon on the evening of Tuesday, March 12th, by Rev. Dr. F. W. Clayton, Rector of All Saints Episcopal Church at Omaha.

Dr. Clayton, who preaches in St. Marks Church at Cheyenne on the following day, is eminently equipped by birth, association and training, to give a mining district such as that of Rock Springs and vicinity a stirring and inspirational message.

Dr. Clayton is a native of Durham, the center of the greatest coal producing area of northern England, and his father, who now lives in retirement in Durham, was during his active life as a Mining Engineer, one of the earliest proponents of "stone dusting" as a preventative of the propagation of coal mine explosions.

Educated in the University of Durham, with four years of study thereafter in St. Augustine's College at Canterbury, the See of the Anglican Church, Dr. Clayton removed to the Silver Mining District of Northern Ontario, Canada, where he gained a contact with the "hard rock" miners employed therein. Later he served for some years as the Rector of a Maryland Church, one built in colonial days, which he surrendered to take up the Presidency of a Western College, later succeeding the Rev. Thomas Casady who was made Bishop of Oklahoma. Dr. Clayton will speak to the people of Rock Springs and neighboring villages as one who knows the problems of the men who work in the mines, as well as those which beset the wives, mothers and youths of our mining communities.

The second address referred to elsewhere in this number of the Employes' Magazine, the one to be delivered the day following Dr. Clayton's sermon, by Professor A. C. Callen, is one that our distinguished clergyman visitor will be unable to attend on account of his appointment in the State Capitol, but he insists that he be given an opportunity to visit an American coal mine which will be afforded him during the day.

During Dr. Clayton's student days he frequently accompanied his father into and through the mines in the Durham field, and he has a natural desire to see how coal is mined in Wyoming. While Dr. Clayton is very proud of his own choir, we predict that the musical program to be presented by the combined church choirs of Rock Springs will prove somewhat of a surprise to him.

Shall Crime Rule

THE cartoon reproduced herewith is the work of Cartoonist Ireland, who asks the law abiding Americans who are in the majority, a very pertinent question. The individual on the right represents the element that preys on society, and who are responsible for the deluge of crime now so

prevalent as to make our civilization a disgrace. The boot-legger is primarily responsible for an overwhelming number of murders, attacks made on women and children and the robberies that fill the columns of the daily press. Every state should have a habitual criminal law, providing for life imprisonment for persistent offenders, and those who commit the major crimes should be introduced to the "chair" or the "rope." There is too much maudlin sympathy being wasted on the criminal and not enough on the victims. The time is ripe for a new dispensation. We will have it, for America has never yet failed.

Professor Callen's Visit Set for 2:15 P. M., March 13th

THE students and members of the faculty of the several high schools located in Rock Springs, Reliance, Winton and Superior, will be privileged to enjoy a great treat on March 13th, when Professor A. C. Callen, Head of the Mining Engineering Department of the University of Illinois, will deliver an address on the relation of high school work to engineering education. Professor Callen is a mining engineer of outstanding ability who has, while engaged in engineering educational work, carried throughout his career a close personal contact with the actual work of mining coal; this relation taking the form of specific studies of the various problems experienced in coal mine operation, such as ventilation, etc., an active participation in the work of the American Mining Congress, the various engineering societies, clubs, etc. He also serves as editor of "Coal Mine Management," a publication familiar to every mining official.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Employes' Magazine will be found the program covering Professor Callen's address, and it is anticipated that the Rialto Theatre will be filled with teachers, students, the members of the Parent-Teachers' Association, the Woman's Club, and other representative bodies connected with the educational life of Southern Wyoming.

We who have long known Professor Callen, his work and his gracious personality, are not surprised at his keeping a promise made some months ago to visit Rock Springs for the purpose of meeting the future Hoovers and Hammonds of the nation that are to be found in every community, and who frequently need but a word of encouragement to start them on the way to a useful career.

The Nation's Death Toll

ADVANCE reports put out by the National Safety Council for the year ending December 31st, last, indicate in excess of 800,000 automobile accidents, costing 27,000 lives, with a property loss of $850,000,000, the 1928 record showing an increase of 5 per cent over 1927.

We can best vision the loss of life occasioned by the use of the automobile in the United States last year by imagining that every man, woman and child living in the combined cities of Cheyenne and Rock Springs would, if taken out and crushed by automobiles, produce substantially the same number of deaths that occurred in the country taken as a whole last year.

A short time ago, a man who thinks as well as writes, said that the Amerocan people were living in a state of intoxication induced by a super-abundant prosperity, the recklessness with which automobiles are handled only one example of our intoxicated condition. We are drunken in the matter of disobedience to law, to the well known and established principles governing morality, and in a hundred other directions. Irresponsible children and drunken men, and in some cases drunken women, are turning the automobile, an instrument of usefulness and capable of rendering legitimate service, into a juggernaut, and our court records evidence the fact that when offenders of this sort are arrested the whole transaction is too frequently treated by law enforcement officers, by the court itself, and by the public, as well as the press, as an opera bouffe affair, very few stopping to think of the agonies suffered by the victims, and that their own women and children, who have a perfect right to traverse the streets, are compelled to do so at a tremendous risk.

The National Safety Council made the further statement that a large percentage of the 2,000 accidental deaths occurring during the month of December were chargeable to poor ventilation in homes; in substance, that hundreds of people were asphyxiated as a result of inhaling coal, gas and fuel oil fumes flowing from stoves and furnaces improperly maintained and regulated, a condition that is chronic in hundreds of thousands of homes, only, however, producing fatalities when the weather becomes so cold that doors and windows are closed, preventing the exit of the lethal gas.

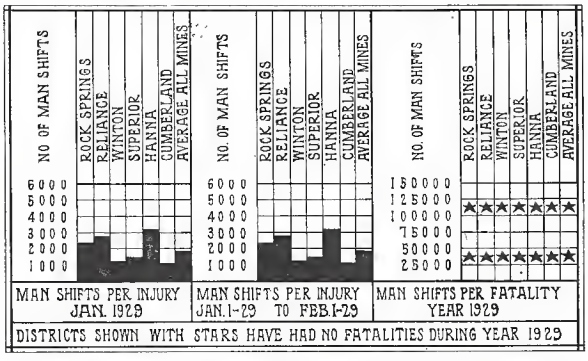
Where Do the College Students Come From?

THE University of Illinois carries an enrollment of approximately 11,000 students. Of these 5,180 come from the homes of business men; 2,061 from the homes of men employed as skilled and unskilled laborers; 1,766 from farms; 1,719 come from homes where the father is a professional man and the remainder are of scattering origin.

The University of Illinois is a great institution, it enjoys a capable faculty, has turned out many good scholars, and yet Red Grange, king of the football field was for a time, more talked of than was the work done during the same period by all of the men engaged in research work within the University's walls. Be that as it may, Red's fame, while as brilliant as the coloring of the hair he wore, has faded somewhat while the work done in the class rooms and the laboratory lives on.

Make It Safe

January Accident Graph



Again we start the year, each with a clean record and all districts in stars, and let us all hope that twelve months hence when the finishing graph for the year 1929 is made that our record will show a great increase over the past year.

Our accident rate of last year showed an increase in both fatal, non-fatal and total days lost from injuries. This year we would like to show a decided improvement.

It has been our aim to make your working conditions safe. Mechanically, we have done much, but this is still the personal element, the human will to consider. It is only by the consistent practice of thinking safely that you can make our safety program effective and protect yourself.

When you begin to work mechanically, letting your mind drift into careless by-paths, that is the moment you are not working safely. That is the moment you are mortgaging your hands, your arms, your limbs, even life itself, to that relentless task-master—Accident.

The man who has made a habit of working and thinking safely, of being alert to the thing at hand, is a safe worker, an efficient worker and a leader.

Falls of Persons

Every year about ten thousand persons are killed by falls of various kinds and fifty or sixty thousand are injured. A very large percentage of these occur in factories, mines and other industrial shops.

There are an infinite variety of places to fall from, as you will note by merely looking around you. Perhaps ladders are the worst and the trickiest. More falls are recorded from ladders than from any other high spot, because men continue to use patched, broken and makeshift affairs which fail under them.

Then there are excavations, shafts, bins, vats, floor openings and man-holes which, if left unguarded, cause many other falls.

On the level persons slip and stumble and fall where it would seem no hazard exists. Oil on the floor, uneven flooring or tools and other objects left thoughtlessly about cause many of these falls. Sometimes a slight slip causes a man to fall into moving machinery.

Slippery surfaces develop where least expected, especially if water or oil is allowed to spill or drip. Pencils, discarded matches, short ends of round stock, buttons, mops or brooms on steps and stairways increase the hazards. Women fall easily while running or by catching high heels on stairs or obstructions.

Men fall from scaffolds because they fail to select the lumber with care, because of old, knotty or cross-grained planks, or because no handrails or toeboards have been provided. Life belts are recommended for use in all pole work, tank or bin work, roofing, or cornice work.

"Horseplay" contributes many cases to the total accidents from falls. In spite of serious consequences men continue to scare and tickle persons whom they know are susceptible. A third party is often the victim.

It is possible to avoid most falls by cultivating the habit of carefulness—carefulness in the use of tools and materials and carefulness in looking before you take a step. We are bundles of habits. It is quite as possible for any person to develop the habit of safe thinking as to continue the habit of loose thinking. You can avoid injury if you have a mind to "make it safe." —*(National Safety Council.)*

No Spare Parts For Sale—Use Goggles

It is an unfortunate fact that Nature when she built the machine called the human body, unlike the automobile manufacturers, did not possess the foresightedness to provide a spare parts department so that when an eye, a finger or an arm was badly damaged that one could go to a nearby supply depot, have a new one screwed on as easily as a fender or a running board and in a few minutes drive happily on, perhaps with an even better appearance than before.

Could Nature have foreseen or anticipated the carelessness of individuals and provided this department of spare parts the accident problem would have been reduced to a simplicity, too happy to contemplate. As it is, unfortunately, an arm or a leg or a finger that has taken 40 years of careful nursing to grow, may be nipped off in a minute and as it is too late to start growing another one, we have to drive the old bus through life minus an important part.

During the past month (January) there were seven accidents reported due to flying coal (one a chip of steel) injuring eyes. Some of these were trivial, others of such duration that they became compensable cases. Regardless of the severity of the injury or the length of time lost, each was a potential loss of sight, any or all of which could have been avoided by a pair of cheap goggles.

The Safety Pennant, won by Reliance for the best Safety record for the Second half of 1928.

In at least one state, compensation is refused when it is shown that a miner received an eye injury from flying coal particles when engaged in picking and not wearing goggles. One large western coal company insists upon their use to the point that it is an offense punishable by discharge to use a pick without first protecting their eyes with either a screen or lens goggle. It is odd that such measures must be used to protect a man against himself.

A glass eye is a poor substitute for the original. If you don't believe it, in the word of a famous automobile manufacturer, "Ask The Man Who Owns One."

Ambulances at the Mines

A bill was introduced at the present session of the Wyoming State Legislature providing for more efficient ambulance service at mines located remote from regular hospitals. The introduction of the bill served a good purpose in so far as The Union Pacific Coal Company is concerned, and with the view of giving better ambulance service to men injured in our Superior mines, which are located some twenty-five miles by auto road from the Wyoming State Hospital, our Purchasing Department was instructed to take immediate steps toward the purchase of a modern ambulance to be located at Superior and kept ready for service at all hours.

Injuries such as require surgical attention beyond the capacity of our field hospitals should be protected by adequate ambulance service, and when the new vehicle arrives the delays complained of at Superior should cease to exist.

Watches to be Presented at Safety Rallies

Sometimes in March safety rallies will be held in the various districts, at which time the awards will be made. There are but two districts to receive watches, Reliance for having completed the year without a fatality and Rock Springs for having produced 500,000 tons during the year without a death.

By a vote of the employes in each district, Mr. Anton Zupenc, machine man at No. 4 Mine, Rock Springs, and Mr. Thomas A. Hall, morning examiner at No. 1 Mine, Reliance, were awarded the watches. This comes as a recognition by their fellow workmen as having done most to further the safety work during the year.

Anton Zupenc, winner of the Rock Springs watch.

Mr. Zupenc, who is 32 years of age, is of German nativity and has been employed by the Coal Company for the past eight years, during which time he has been identified with the safety movement and First Aid work.

Mr. Hall, winner of the Reliance watch, is 33 years old and has been an employe at Reliance for the past eight years. Besides being an active First Aid man and safety promoter, Mr. Hall is a bandsman of ability, having played a cornet in the Reliance-Winton band since its formation.

Mr. Hall has a unique and enviable war record. Enlisting two days after opening of hostilities he landed in France June 26, 1917, with the first detachment of soldiers to land on French soil, and was the first soldier to sound an American bugle call in Paris. During his 29 months of foreign service Mr. Hall was with the First Division and was a part of the first battalion of U. S. troops to feel the withering effect of the German fire.

On his Victory medal are six bronze and two silver stars, indicative of six major campaigns and two citations for bravery (Mr. Hall modestly states that these were for "Safety First.")

In addition to the men receiving watches six foremen will receive silver service sets for having completed the year without fatality in their mines. These foremen are:

Thomas A. Hall, soldier, bandsman, first aid man, and general all-'round safety man. Was voted the Reliance watch for safety work.

Thos. Overy, Sr., No. 4 Mine, Rock Springs. R. J. Buxton, No. 1 Mine, Reliance. Earl Dupont, No. 3 Mine, Winton. Wm. Wilkes, "B" Mine, Superior. Harry A. Wylam, "C" Mine, Superior. G. F. Wilde, No. 2 South, Cumberland.

Presentation meetings will be held in the various communities where the prizes will be presented, together with a program of music and speaking in which the State Mine Inspection Officers, Representatives of the U. M. W. of A., and Company Officials, will participate.

January Accidents

Miner—While walking to work in the morning, slipped on some ice and fell, causing fracture of one bone of leg.

Miner—Had dropped loaded car from face of room to entry. He attempted to couple car to motor and his thumb was caught between the bumpers, receiving laceration.

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The Poetry of Thomas Moore

By Eugene McAuliffe

THOMAS MOORE, the Irish poet, was a man of diminutive size; in youth he wore his hair a mass of clinging curls. His favorite dress included a long frock coat of chocolate hue worn under a hat of snowy whiteness, and while his mannerisms, coupled with his bizarre costume, won him a reputation for foppishness, he was withal a genius who wrote fairly at eleven, publishing more and better verse at fourteen. Twice Moore challenged his critics to fight, which perhaps evidenced more courage than good judgment. Without personal knowledge of the East, he undertook the study of the Oriental peoples; India, Persia and Arabia. His greatest poem "Lalah Rookh," published in 1817, is satisfyingly rich in gorgeous scenes and dazzling imagery, with many passages of striking beauty. Moore wrote in many moods; he wrote sacred songs; he sang of love and patriotism and satire was not unknown to his pen. While the greater portion of his work now carries but passing interest, certain of his songs, more particularly his Irish melodies, will be remembered and sung for generations to come.

THOMAS Moore was born in Dublin, Ireland, on May 28, 1779. The parish baptismal register gives his birth year as 1780; the earlier date is, however, looked upon as the correct one. The father, at the time of the poet's birth, was a small tradesman, a grocer and spirit-retailer, or "spirit-grocer" as the business was then termed in Ireland. Later the father gave up his grocery accepting the more respected position of barrack-master. The mother's name was Anastasia Codd; she was known as a woman of superior wit and intelligence. Both were Roman Catholics. The poet's early talent for recitation led to his mother's prediction that the stage would become his profession.

Trinity College or the University of Dublin was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. In 1793, the University was thrown open to Roman Catholics, which made it possible for Moore to enter, which he did in 1794, at the age of fifteen. Three years later, at the age of eighteen, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him, his college career made notable by his translation from the Greek, of his Anacreon which the provost of the University advised him to publish. Trinity College, as it is commonly referred to, has mothered many great scholars and one of our youthful and treasured remembrances, now nearly four score years behind us, is that of many evenings spent in the company of a graduate of Trinity, an Archeologist by profession, during a year passed in interior Mexico. It has been said that the purest English in the world is spoken within Trinity's walls.

When Moore was twenty he followed the lead made by many thousands of his gifted countrymen, the "path that led to London's lights," where he entered the Middle Temple as a law student. While ostensibly engaged in the study of law, Moore's friendly Celtic temperament overcame him, and he gave more time to making the acquaintance of men and women than he did to the law. Emmet, O'Connor, and Addis, Irish revolutionists, were his intimate friends, and had it not been for the fact that the titled leaders of fashionable society took him up, overwhelming him with invitations to dine with Bishops, Lords, and those of lesser social but perhaps equal or greater intellectual rank, Moore might have found a place beside Emmet on the scaffold. Through the influence of the Marquis of Landsdowne, he secured a sufficient number of subscriptions to justify the publication of his Anacreon, and having received the permission of the Prince of Wales to dedicate the translation to him, this, his first ambitious work, appeared in 1800. Fame quickly followed the publication of the poem and the profession of law was forever abandoned for that of poesy.

Of the Greek poet Anacreon but little is known. He is supposed to have been born in the Sixth Century before Christ, his birthplace Teos in Ionia. Unlike the poetry of Virgil and Homer, who sang of wars long fought. Anacreon's poetry was of rather amatory character and yet, like the verse original to Moore, it contains little that is offensive to even the most fastidious. Anacreon sang of love, of the grape "distilled in drops of joy" of:

"Bacchants straying o'er the plain,
Piping as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song."

With other poets whose minds were given to dwell on the softer side of life, this Greek of twenty-five centuries gone, did occasionally turn to more serious things, Ode XXXVI an example.

"If hoarded gold possest the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every hour should swell my store;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But, since, not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illume
The silent midnight of the tomb."

While Moore's translation won him fame and honor, the effort he made was doubtless due (to some extent at least) to a desire to make use of the splendid knowledge of Greek gained within the walls of Old Trinity. Much of the manuscript of the original poem now reposes in the Vatican library at Rome.

In 1801 Moore published a little book of verse under the title of "The Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little." The name was a self imposed reference to his own shortness of stature and the book contained certain passages that the poet later referred to as "indecencies," the writing of which he lived to regret; however in reading them over today they sound virginally pure when compared with much of our modern poetry.

In 1803 Lord Moira induced the Crown to appoint Moore Poet Laureate, but after writing but one Ode he resigned to accept the office of Registrar of the Admiralty Court of Bermuda, and so he left England in September of the same year sailing for Hamilton, the Capital of the island. Like the poet Burns, Moore, finding the duties of a revenue collector unattractive and longing for the gay society of his London friends, appointed a Deputy Collector and returned to England by way of the United States and Canada, spending four months enroute, traveling in America. The poet held his Colonial office until April, 1818, receiving occasional remittances from his deputy who was at last found to be a defaulter and an embezzler, and Moore was called upon to make good thefts totaling six thousand pounds sterling. Eventually his friend Lord Landsdowne advanced the greater part of the money taken by Moore's deputy; public office then administered in an even poorer manner than it is today.

During this period of Moore's life, his temperamental excursions led him into many adventurous situations.

Jeffrey reviewed some of Moore's poems in the "Edinburgh Review," calling them a "public nuisance." Moore challenged Jeffrey and just as they were about to fire their pistols which were charged blank, the police arrested them; apologies followed and Moore and Jeffrey later became warm friends. Lord Byron, whose poems had been made the subject of caustic remarks by contemporary critics, seized the opportunity to taunt Moore, whom he looked upon as a pedantic fop, by making reference to "Little's leadless pistol." Moore challenged Byron, but again as in the case of the first duel, nothing serious happened and a life long friendship followed the incident. In 1802, a theatre for the presentation of private entertainments was established in Kilkenny, Ireland. The female characters were professional actresses, the male parts were taken by amateurs. Moore participated in the production of some of the plays and he likewise wrote a short play, in which Miss Elizabeth Dyke took the part of Lady Godiva. Miss Dyke was but seventeen, very pretty, and Moore fell in love with her, marrying her in March, 1811, when he was thirty-two. The poet's married life was a happy one, five children, three daughters and two sons, born to them.

For twenty years Moore flooded the magazine press with short poems, some sacred, many light and satirical. Songs to this person and that person, squibs and epigrams, some of which bordered on the vulgar and scurrilous, though never obscene, made up his daily task. In 1813 he began, to finish three years later, his most ambitious work, the poem "Lalla Rookh," an Eastern romance in four parts. Before Moore even set pen to paper, the publishing house of Longman paid him three thousand pounds, the equivalent of nearly fifteen thousand dollars, for the right to publish the poem. "Lalla Rookh," (meaning "tulip cheek") represents one of the most fascinating examples of oriental imagery ever written. It is the story of the bethrothal and marriage of the young King of Bucharia to Lalla Rookh, an Indian Princess, the youngest daughter of the Emperor of India. The story has its beginning in the walled city of Delhi, and continues with the departure of the cavalcade of the Princess through the city of Lahore for beautiful Cashmere, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. Moore in his introduction to the poem, paints a vivid picture of the pomp and extravagance attendant upon the departure of the Princess from Delhi for the home of her royal husband to be. One hundred and ten years have passed since Moore wrote this, his greatest romance, and while much betterment has come to the teeming millions of India, it is yet a country of contrast, the few reveling in spectacular and extravagant outbursts of luxury, while millions live out their embittered lives in a morass of proverty, disease and ignorance. In his introduction, Moore describes the departure of the Princess from Delhi in the following words:

> "Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendor. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favor, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimm'd kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armor of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apple on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it were enshrined;—the rose-colored veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honor, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant."

Fadladeen, prince of royal blood, Great Chamberlain, judge of everybody and everything, *arbiter elegantiarum,* served as escort to the Princess. When she tired of her ladies, tired of the learned discourses delivered by Fadladeen, it was recalled that among the attendants sent by the bride groom was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the poetic stories of the East. The young poet Feramorz by name, was among the few privileged to appear in the pavillion of the Princess, and so he was asked to help beguile the tedious hours with song. Feramorz was a youth about Lalla's age "as graceful as the Indian Appolo Crishna", and to her youthful imagination "beautiful, heroic, and breathing music from his very eyes." And so the song begins. For several evenings the theme was "The veiled Phophet of Khorassan." and when this, the first of the four parts was finished the Grand Chamberlain, Fadladeen, was in a bad state of mind, his vanity quite crushed. As though the voice and person of the singer was not enough to bear, Fadladeen suffered additional agony of mind due to the fact that an elephant, laden with fine antique porcelain had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces, an irreparable loss. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favorite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran bearer for three whole days and then to cap the climax, his cook put the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the Cinnamon of Serendib. The result was that Fadladeen undertook to express his very candid opinion of the singer's effort in words that more than sizzled. He said among other things that "the versification was execrable; it had neither the flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadibut, but on the other hand it appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modeled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary." In fact the Grand Chamberlain was so completely outraged by the young poet that he made up his mind, to immediately upon their arrival at Cashmere, inform the King of Bucharia of the effrontery of, and the dangerous

'T Is the Last Rose of Summer

'T is the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

sentiments expressed by, Feramorz, recommending as punishment the Chabuk (an application of whips), in the belief that the crime committed, deserved no milder form of punishment.

Days passed before the singer resumed with the story of "Paradise and the Peri." That led to another outburst from Fadladeen, the Princess still attempting to

The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

plead the singer's cause when the caravan arrived at the city of Lahore. Here they found messengers from Cashmere who said that the old King had arrived and was busily engaged in making preparations for his son's wedding. Chilled to the heart at receipt of the news that recalled her wedding day, the Princess felt that her happiness was gone forever, as she had fallen irretreviably in love with the young poet Feramorz. The stay in Lahore, marked with scenes of pageantry and splendor, ended at last, and the cavalcade moved on. The other songs were sung to the now saddened Princess, and at last the cavalcade passed through the "valley of the unequaled" as the Vale of Cashmere was called, and thence by the lake to the Imperial Palace which stood just beyond, called the Shalimar. There is so much of beauty in Moore's prose story of the final denoument as to make it worthy of presentation:

"Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so foundly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.
soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all

the rest of lovliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-colored bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake; —first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian, which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

"The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell! In the

Oft, In the Stilly Night

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
The words of love then spoken;
Of boyhood's years,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

barge immediately after the Princess sat FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, 'concerning FERAMORZ and literature, and the Chabuk as connected therewith.'

"They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height that they stood like tall pillars of diamonds in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame

Remember the Time

(The Castilian Maid)

Remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you called me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blushed to be called so by you;
When I taught you to warble the gay seguadille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 't is always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love.

that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was in a few minutes to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. it was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her! —FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and having won her love as a humble minstrel now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

"The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch Aliris, and moreover ready to prescribe his favorite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman and child that dared to think otherwise.

"Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and among the lesser symptoms it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH that to the day of her death in memory of their delightful journey she never called the king by any other name than FERAMORZ."

Like so many other men of genius, Moore came out of the mist only to return to it, leaving little of either ancestry or posterity. The poet's two sons are said to have "brought him sorrow and disappointment; a sad story of illness and premature death, of unworthy behaviour and extravagance." Born and bred a Roman Catholic, Moore, while generally attending the Catholic Church, was always liberal in his religious views, frequently visiting churches of other denominations, and his children who passed infancy, were educated as Protestants. Moore had a fatal gift of fluency in song and music. He wrote for momentary popularity although several of his songs are of a sweetness that deserve immortality. Of him Byron said: "some of his Irish melodies are worth all the epics ever written." Among the songs most loved might be mentioned his, "Last Rose of Summer;" "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls;" "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms;" "Oft in the Stilly Night;" and "Remember the Time" or the "Castilian Maid."

Two songs foundationed on his visit to America hold high place with lovers of verse. His "Canadian Boat Song," written as he rode down the River St. Lawrence, were verses supposed to have been sung by the Canadian "voyageurs" as they rowed their boats along the streams and across the lakes of Canada. "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," a ballad written at Norfolk, Virginia, was a popular school-room recitation when life was simpler than it is today.

Unlike so many of his contemporaries, Moore's private life was above criticism. Quixotic always, he maintained an honorable position with women as well as with men. When Byron, out of friendship for Moore, gave him his Autobiographical Memoirs as a gift, Moore sold them to Murray for 2,000 guineas ($10,220), Murray agreeing to act as editor of the memoirs and historian of Byron's life. When Byron died, his friends protested the publication of the material and Moore repaid Murray the sum received from him. Later to protect Byron, Moore caused to be burned the manuscript that had become very valuable. Among Moore's satires was one, "Little Man and Little Soul", in whose opening lines the poet well pictured his own life:

"There was a little man and he had a little soul,
And he said, little soul, let us try, try, try."

Toward the end Moore lost the use of his faculties and during his illness, his wife by patient economy paid off his debts. He died on February 26, 1852, and his remains rests in Bromham Cemetery, near Sloperton in Wiltshire, England.

(Continued from page 95)

Miner—While taking a sprag from car wheel, sprag slipped and he struck hand against wheel bruising fingers.

Conveyor Man—Was assisting motorman and caught foot between bumper of cars, fracturing great toe.

Miner—Was working at face when top coal fell bruising back and lacerating head and foot.

Miner—Claims that while lifting on empty car sprained back. Injury complicated with lumbago delayed recovery.

Inside Laborer—Was cleaning sand box of locomotive with lamp pick. The locomotive was started and his fingers were caught and lacerated.

Inside Laborer—Was stepping over conveyor pan and fell injuring shoulder.

Miner—Was lifting a piece of coal into pit car. Coal broke and a piece fell on foot bruising toe.

Miner—Was putting a sprag in car wheel, as car went through brattice a piece of coal was pulled off car and it fell, striking hand.

Miner—Was running a car out entry. The sprag fell out and in attempting to replace it he fell spraining wrist.

Miner—Was standing on side of slope waiting for trip to be pulled out. As trip started side roller pulled out and he was struck on leg by rope. This accident sounds like carelessness.

Miner—Was carrying prop up room and fell, cutting wrist on edge of sheet iron.

Eickhoff Laborer—Was working upon conveyor pan. Jack holding conveyor pan to face lacerating finger.

Driver-boss—While walking down manway slipped and dislocated knee.

Machine Man—Was shoveling coal at face and sprained back.

Driver—Was drilling with electric drill and came in contact with thread bar, contusing shoulder.

Blacksmith—Helper was striking with sledge. He struck side of cutter contusing injured man's finger.

Inside Laborer—Was helping move a conveyor. The conveyor derailed and his hand was caught between conveyor and prop causing laceration of thumb.

Machine Boss Helper—Was cutting piece from Eickhoff engine. A strip of steel struck eye.

Engineering Department

An Unexpected Occurrence In a Rock Springs Coal Mine

By C. E. Swann

A GREAT deal of discussion has taken place relative to the amount of barrier pillar which it is necessary to leave standing between the lower workings on a given seam of coal and the abandoned upper workings on the same seam, which have been allowed to fill with water, so that safety will be assured in working the lower mine. In spite of the numerous widths of barrier pillar recommended by various authorities the consensus of opinion indicates that the lower workings can be considered safe only when the upper workings have been pumped out.

In the case at hand the question arises "How much intervening strata must exist between the workings on a lower seam of coal and the working on a seam above which have been allowed to fill with water?"

The Union Pacific Coal Company's Rock Springs No. 1 Mine opened in 1868 and was closed down in 1910, not because there was a lack of coal but because of a series of circumstances existing at that time, and this mine was allowed to fill with water.

In the early days of No. 1 Mine the entries or levels driven to the south off the Main Slope had struck a faulty area of dirty coal and were stopped. About 1922 a commercial mine west of town had about exhausted the block of coal between the faults which bounded the dip workings. Here was located well equipped railroad mine yard tracks and a complete tipple for loading commercial coal, and it was natural that an effort should be made to utilize these facilities. A lease was obtained on a block of ground at the south end of No. 1 Mine workings covering the unmined area of No. 1 Seam and the No. 7 Seam lying 250 feet below the No. 1 Seam. A pair of rock slopes were driven, during 1922, from a point near the tipple to tap the No. 1 and No. 7 Seams of coal west of the big upthrow fault known as the Sweetwater Canon Fault.

The workings on No. 1 Seam from these slopes never became extensive on account of striking the same dirty coal as found in the upper entries south off No. 1 Main Slope, accordingly the workings on the No. 7 Seam were rushed and the coal slope in No. 7 Seam had been driven to the dip a distance of 3,100 feet from the landing at the foot of the rock slopes by the first of January, 1927, and a nice block of coal had been developed to the north of this slope while the south side workings had been stopped at an irregular downthrow fault not far from the slope. The main coal slopes of this mine approached this same fault from the opposite side at about 1,500 feet below the Rock Slope landing and drilling disclosed that the upthrow between the coal in slope and coal west of fault was 50 feet and a rock slope on grade sufficient to pull the slope trip was driven across the fault structure.

The workings in the No. 7 Seam mine west of this rock slope are directly under the Rock Springs No. 1 Mine workings at a depth of approximately 250 feet.

The advisability of extending the workings on No. 7 Seam under the No. 1 Mine workings, while same were filled with water, was generally discussed by the experienced mining men in this field and it appeared that the 250 feet of strata between Seams No. 1 and No. 7 would give sufficient protection for the workings on No. 7 Seam. From the summer of 1925 to the spring of 1927, after workings were extended under No. 1 workings, no unusual occurrences took place. The bumps heard at intervals in the lower workings were attributed to the cover of between 1,000 and 1,200 feet.

The worked out area between the Main Slope on No. 7 Seam and the fault on the south did not exceed eight acres.

In the No. 1 Seam a series of 2 to 5 foot faults were encountered north of the fault against which the south entries in No. 7 Seam were stopped but did not appear in the No. 7 Seam workings. One small fault with about 5 foot throw occurred in the No. 7 workings north of the main south fault and its counterpart did not show on the upper or No. 1 Seam.

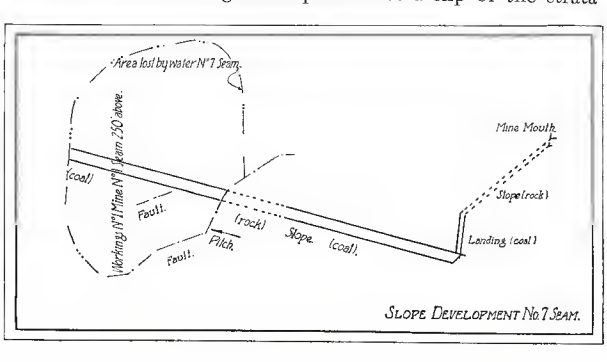
In the fall of 1927 a heavy flow of water was discovered coming from the roof of the mine in one of the lower south side entries and it soon developed that a large inrush of water had occurred but at first it was not believed that an opening had taken place between the No. 1 Mine workings and the No. 7 Seam workings. When the flow of water did not diminish after several days the water situation became serious as the pumping plant was unable to keep the water back and the lower workings were gradually being submerged. Due to the steady inflow of water it was agreed that the water must be coming from No. 1 Mine and it was decided to abandon the workings below the lower Rock Slope and construct heavy concrete dams in both rock slopes to save the upper part of the mine and be in position to work the coal south of the south side fault from a new slope if it was deemed advisable.

The concrete dams were equipped with steel pipes and valves so that the static head of water could be measured against the dams, that is, the vertical height of water bearing on the face of the dams. This showed a pressure of 200 pounds per square inch indicating that the No. 1 Mine workings had filled up the pitch for a long distance above the point of entrance into the No. 7 Mine workings or that a connection existed between the No. 1 Mine workings and the workings of old No. 3 Mine on the No. 3 Seam, 160 feet above No. 1 Seam.

After checking up the water level in old No. 3 pump shaft we added the depth of shaft below water level and length of drill hole in floor drilled to No. 1 Seam plus difference in elevation between this point and the point of entrance to No. 7 Mine workings plus the interval between No. 1 and No. 7 Seams amounting to 600 feet, and this agrees closely with the pressure gauge reading taken at the concrete dams in the No. 7 Mine workings.

The depth of the overlying strata at the point of entrance of water into the No. 7 Mine workings is approximately 1,100 feet and the pressure gauges at the concrete dams show conclusively that the depth of cover exerted no effect on the water but that existing pressure at dam was due entirely to the static head of water at the dam.

All the evidence goes to prove that a slip of the strata



SLOPE DEVELOPMENT No. 7 SEAM.

between the fault planes occurred which opened up a crevice along one of the fault planes and allowed the water from No. 1 Mine workings to enter the No. 7 Mine workings causing the loss of the lower half of the No. 7 Mine.

It might be of interest to state that the coal seams have a pitch to the northwest of about 25 feet in one hundred feet, and it is doubtful if the pitch had any influence on the slip of the strata.

Judging from our investigations relating to the accident described it appears the only answer to a safe method of working a lower seam of coal (underlying an upper seam which has been abandoned and allowed to fill with water) is to pump out the water in the upper seam in advance of the workings driven in the lower seam.

Radio Interference

By D. C. MeKeehan

WHILE many towns are organizing clubs to promote better radio reception, reports filter through that the recently enacted radio ordinances, in some of our first class cities, are failing to function.

Radio interference is that squealing, squawking, rattelty-bang of discordant sounds that tires the patience and sometimes spoils a perfectly good evening for the radio listener. Many communities prohibit the operation of certain motors and other interfering agencies during the evening hours, and in this way endeavor to get better results.

Inasmuch as radio interference constitutes a problem common to all radio listeners and users of electricity, it is thought that the sources of interference will be of interest to all.

Quite frequently reports of interference are found to be static or atmospheric disturbances over which man has no control, however, this article will deal only with the man-made variety. In some cases it is difficult for an experienced radio trouble-shooter to determine between static and man or home made interference, and to the layman there is no apparent reason why all interference should not be eliminated, just because they do not understand the underlying laws and the trivialities that cause a world of trouble.

On one occasion I was called to look for a source of trouble that began every day at five o'clock p. m. In testing with a portable set a certain few buildings were isolated that were presumed to house the thing that caused the trouble. The direction of the source of trouble was also determined. Of course, the light wires were blamed for this interference. During the process of testing the portable set was placed very near the light wires but as the proximity to them did not amplify the noise they were eliminated. It was also noted that the noise was very violent in a certain location and just twenty feet away could not be detected at all, while several stations could be received on the portable set with no sign of our interfering medium.

The trouble was found to be an ice machine that started at five p. m. every day. The driving belt from the motor contained two splices that slipped when they passed over the motor pulley. In slipping the belt generated a small amount of static electricity which flowed along the belt as an antenae and also charged several pipes in the vicinity. This is a case of man made static or frictional electricity being the cause of the trouble and only on account of the fact that it was rhythmic, due to the uniform speed of the motor, was it located.

One will ask what causes all this interference. Radio interference may be caused by anything using electricity. Improper wiring, loose connections, intermittent grounds, leakage from live conductor to metal objects, which may or not be connected to the earth or any electric spark or arc.

The volume of the interference depends on the amount of power involved, the proximity to the receiving set and the amplying power of the receiver.

The flickering of a ten watt lamp due to a loose connection has been known to disturb a modern alternating current set several hundred feet distant, while the turning on and off of a 100 watt lamp, close to an old style battery set, failed to be detected.

With few exceptions, all radio interfering phenomena may be eliminated IF IT CAN BE LOCATED. "Aye, there's the rub." For who can locate a case of interference involving less than ten watts of power, especially when the noisy manifestations are more pronounced at a distance than close to the source of trouble? Leakage or trouble involving power lines carrying high voltage are so pronounced that they beckon you to the source of trouble immediately. Present day difficulties are mostly within our own neighborhood and are seldom radiated beyond a district supplied from a given transformer, due to the dampening effect of the iron core in the transformer.

The radio station at the landing field at Rock Springs is often heard when the set is turned in on WGN, Chicago, but by careful tuning may be suppressed so that it does not bother the reception.

In some cases the crackling emanations come from household devices driven by small motors, such as refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, and hair dryers. The owners of these devices are usually unaware that they cause trouble. This leads me to believe that in order to eliminate radio interference it will require a survey of each district in order to determine what devices are in use that may cause interference and the co-operation of electric power users and radio listeners to locate the trouble.

Only recently a case of radio interference of long standing was eliminated, by the complainant himself, when the trouble was found to be a defective floor lamp in his own household.

Reverend J. F. Saarinen, Pastor of Finnish-Lutheran Church Welcomed to Rock Springs

After having been without a resident pastor for almost fifteen years, the congregation of the Finnish Lutheran Church is rejoicing in the arrival of Reverend J. F. Saarinen who, with Mrs. Saarinen, comes to Rock Springs, from Portland, Oregon.

Reverend Mr. Saarinen is the Superintendent of Home Mission charges of this denomination throughout the United States and Canada and will lend his guidance to them from his office in Rock Springs; will spend some time in his supervisory work and will be in the local church, conducting services in both English and Finnish, on the first Sunday of every month.

Reverend J. F. Saarinen

On Sunday, February 10th, a Sunday School was started with a very gratifying attendance and a teaching staff composed of the following young people: Miss Toini Singo, Miss Mayme Asiala (1926 Honor Girl Scout), Ano Aho, Anselm Asiala. Mrs. Saarinen will act as Superintendent of the Sunday School during the absence of Reverend Mr. Saarinen and further helpers and students are in promise.

The Employes' Magazine is pleased to extend a further welcome to Reverend and Mrs. Saarinen and to Master Paul, aged six years, and to little Miss Ida Marie, aged three years, whose friendship anyone might covet.

Abraham Lincoln

The Prairie Years

By Carl Sandburg

A Review by Arthur S. White

IN constructing his biography of Lincoln, Sandburg has employed the synthetic rather than the analytic method. Through careful, painstaking research, he has assembled all of the raw materials of the great president's character, the manifold and diverse traits of his progenitors, their strengths and their weaknesses, their restlessness and their honesty, their quaint, sly humor and their touch of profound, strange sadness; in short, all of that mixed bundle of qualities which was heredity's contribution to the new bit of humanity, whose "skin looked just like red cherry pulp squeezed dry in wrinkles." This latter is given as Dennis Hanks' first impression of his new born cousin, Lincoln.

Assembling the raw materials for the man Lincoln, the long, angular, strong body and the fine, honest, humble spirit, Sandburg has subjected them to all of the processes which nature and society applied to these materials in forming the finished product. In short, Sandburg's book is a detailed account of the construction of a character, not an argument concerning the nature of the character. In this biography we come to understand Lincoln better because we are shown the materials of which he was made, and the processes by which he was fabricated. The knowledge thus gained is infinitely more convincing and more satisfying than could be gained from any amount of close study and clever analysis of his later acts and his final seeming.

Throughout the whole book, care has been taken to recreate the atmosphere of the times and the people moving about Lincoln; the clothes that were worn, the food that was eaten ,the things women bought in stores, the problems of politics and society that men talked of and fought over. All of these things are shown and then Lincoln, moving among them, splitting rails, going to school for a brief period, studying at night, foot racing. fighting, wrestling, writing a boisterous lampoon on two brothers of his acquaintance, who, marrying on the same day, had failed to invite Lincoln to the double wedding.

You see Lincoln, a powerful young athlete, friend of the toughest "gangs" in his part of the country, their umpire in footraces and fights, their companion in taverns, witness of many drunken brawls, himself neither drinking nor brawling. And so through his whole life, never withdrawn from men, always close to them, understanding their passions and their follies, yet never partaking of them, nor yet being over proud of his own strength. Three fine fundamental qualities are indicated: Humanity, decency, humility.

In early life you see him, against the wide pioneer background, a leader of his companions by reason of a fine, strong body and a fine, strong spirit. Later, he emerges from a somewhat more sophisticated society, leading still by the same fine qualities, with the further additions of a deep studied knowledge of men and events and a surer courage, tempered in the flame of personal suffering and long unhappy struggle. And of the things that happened to him and molded him in the years between, we are given, in this book, a very clear picture.

I may be wrong in my conception, but one of the strongest impressions I have gained from the "Prairie Years" is that Lincoln's life was not directed to any particular objective, but was so conducted that any accident of life found him prepared for it. He was often described as a "Learner," and so, I believe, did he conceive himself; as one who must be ever learning, widening his knowledge of men and things, keeping his pride humbled in the knowledge of how little of all that was to be known, could ever be known to him; keeping his mind and his body clean, yet humble in the thought of how easily they might be corrupted; and learning, learning always of men and their problems, so that when he should be needed in the solving of these problems he should be adequate to the task—as he proved.

Religious Services to be Held by Dr. F. W. Clayton, Rector of All Saints Church, Omaha, Nebr.

The Employes' Magazine is happy to be able to announce that plans have been completed for an all-town religious service to be held in the Elks Home, Rock Springs, at 7:30 P. M., March 12th.

Reverend Doctor F. W. Clayton, Rector of All Saints' Church, Omaha, will be the speaker. Doctor Clayton knows mining people and the challenge of a difficult occupation, his father having been a practicing mining engineer in County Durham, England, during Doctor Clayton's youth, and, before he began his clerical studies, Doctor Clayton frequently entered the mines with his father, who is now retired. He will come as a friend to friends whose interests he knows and appreciates, and will bring a vital and challenging discussion of present-day, every-day living.

Reverend R. E. Abraham, rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, Rock Springs, will preside at the service and massed choirs of the churches of Rock Springs will sing choral numbers.

Senator Thomas Gibson Married

Dan Cupid slipped unnoticed into the ranks of the senators here Saturday, getting in his work before many of the solons were aware of the fact that he had already marked his target.

Senator Thomas Gibson of Rock Springs, Sweetwater County, was the one who decided to change his ways and Saturday evening at 6:30 o'clock he was married to Mrs. Della Brown of Los Angeles, California.

The ceremony took place in the apartment of Charles McGonagle at the Plains Hotel and was performed by Chief Justice Blume of the Wyoming Supreme Court. Senator Gibson and Mrs. Brown were attended by Dick Keenan of Sheridan and Mrs. D. A. Preston, wife of Senator Preston of Rock Springs.

A dinner was given in the dining room of the Plains following the ceremony for members of the wedding party and a few friends.

Senator and Mrs. Gibson will remain in Cheyenne until the close of the legislative session.

(From Wyoming State Tribune.)

Winton Annual Scottish Night

Other towns may boast of Scottish dancers and singers and pipers but certainly Winton is never far behind when it has "Rudy" and his famous Children's orchestra and his trombone; and while it has an opera singer like Howard Johnson and musical organizers like Mrs. John Henderson and young singers like Anna Herd.

Winton chose Saturday night, January 26th for their Scottish concert and all the Scotts, who'd renewed their acquaintance with the things of the land of Heather at Reliance, went out to Winton the next evening to one of the finest evenings of entertainment Winton has ever had.

And everybody decided that when aeroplanes are a bit more common and can go as fast as Hans Madsens automobile, that we'd all make the rounds of the Scottish concerts, taking a leaf out of the note-book of the Assistant Mine Inspector who managed three without difficulty.

Address By Professor A. C. Callen of Urbana, Illinois

Professor A. C. Callen, head of the Mining Engineering Department of the University of Illinois, will deliver a notable address at the Rialto Theatre, Rock Springs, at 2:15 P. M., Wednesday, March 13, 1929.

Professor Callen, who is a mining engineer and educator of national reputation, a man of most pleasing personality and a gifted speaker, will address the students and teaching staffs of the high schools of Rock Springs, Superior, Reliance and Winton, at the Rialto Theatre, as shown above.

Professor A. C. Callen

Professor Callen is coming to Rock Springs from the University of Illinois, a distance of more than 1,400 miles, primarily to address the high school students and teachers of Sweetwater County, and as a secondary matter to visit the Rock Springs mining district.

Professor Callen's address will be of more than passing interest to his listeners, and will include a full discussion of the subjects taught in our high schools and the relation that high school work bears to a future college career.

In addition to the students and teachers of the Rock Springs District, a substantial representation is anticipated from the high schools of Green River, the local Parent-teachers' Association, the Woman's Club and from those generally interested in educational work.

The following program will be carried out under the guidance of Superintendent E. M. Thompson of the Rock Springs public schools, who will act as chairman:

Opening selections by Rock Springs High School Orchestra.
Opening remarks, Mr. Eugene McAuliffe.
Selection, Rock Springs High School Boys' Glee Club.
Address, Prof. A. C. Callen.
Selection, Rock Springs High School Girls' Glee Club.
Closing, Selection by Superior High School Orchestra.

The doors will open at 1:45 P. M. and the exercises will commence at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

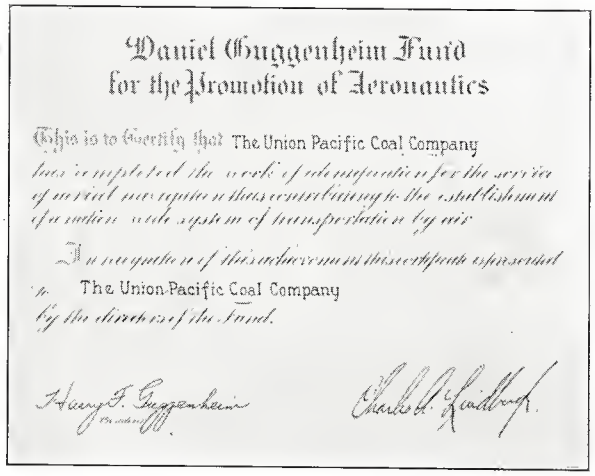
Hanna Receives Citation From Lindy

Safety in the air!
Safety for air men!

Hanna is the first town in Wyoming whose compliance with the request of The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics that cities of 1,000 to 50,000 make themselves easy of identification from the air, resulted in a citation.

The idea is a feasible one and the request is that towns mark themselves by painting their names on the roof of a conspicuous building in block letters from ten to twenty feet across, with a marker pointing in the direction of the nearest landing field, and lighted to make it readable at night. This is to supplement the existing air route beacons that now guide air pilots.

Hanna is near Elk Mountain and it was desirable that it be marked since its identification would help flyers from the west to locate the mountain.



Daniel Guggenheim Fund
for the Promotion of Aeronautics

This is to Certify that The Union Pacific Coal Company has completed the work of identification for the service of aerial navigation thereby contributing to the establishment of a nation wide system of transportation by air.

In recognition of this achievement this certificate is presented to
The Union Pacific Coal Company
by the directors of the fund.

Harry F. Guggenheim
Chairman

Charles A. Lindbergh

An expression of appreciation for Hanna's new sign, signed by Colonel Lindbergh was sent to the postmaster at Hanna, for presentation to Superintendent T. H. Butler. Hanna was one of the first towns in Wyoming so identified. Hanna believes in Safety for air men as it practices Safety for everybody.

Reliance Burns Concert

While Scottish dramatists and story tellers and dancers and singers like Mrs. Frances Curran and Mrs. Carl Carlson, William Pryde and Aunt Kate Abraham are available, Reliance will always have a Burns' program even though the weather is as cold as when the first "cauld January blast blew Hansel in on Robin" when Robert Burns was born.

Dancing followed the program which was arranged by Carl Carlson and contributed to by the following artists: The Reliance Community Band, Mrs. Kate Abrahams, William C. Pryde, Mrs. Frances Curran, Mrs. Carl Carlson, Thomas Hall, "Johnson and Marco," Johnny Kovach, and Rudolph Menghinni.

There Ain't No Need To

Though life is positive, often the wise part is to refrain.

When you're out hunting with your pup
And see a bear and think you'll sup
On him, and raise your gun abrup'
And draw a bead too,
You'd better stop; you'll git et up—
There ain't no need to.

When talk is runnin' like a sluice
On toppiks cloudy and abstruse
And you're temptationed to cut loose,
It should be seed to;
Don't go and make yourself a goose—
There ain't no need to.

When some guy fills you to the brim
With notions that your income slim
Will fatten out if you'll jes' skim
Its cream to feed to
His honest self, well, DON'T trust him—
There ain't no need to.

When folks sit round and prate and prate
'Bout things as should be done, and bait
Their little trap, and kalkillate
You'll pay some heed too,
Don't pull their chestnuts from the grate—
There ain't no need to.

—*St. Clair Adams.*

Ye Old Timers

Old Timer Thos. L. Edwards

Thomas L. Edwards is one of the men who, now a member of the Old Timers Association, was born and raised in early Union Pacific towns and could scarce feel himself at home anywhere else. Old Almy, long abandoned and now gone back to sagebrush covered hills, was his birthplace. And it was at Almy that he began his service with The Union Pacific Coal Company when he was twelve years old. Superintendent Ramsay was then at Almy, as also was W. K. Lee, Purchasing Agent.

Mr. Edwards lived in Spring Valley, another old town, until it, too, was closed and then moved to Cumberland where he has lived ever since excepting for a short period when he ranched near Bridger some eighteen years ago. He wears the thirty-five year service button of the Old Timers Association of The Union Pacific Coal Company and now counts thirty-seven years of service.

He was married in Spring Valley to Miss Jane Rowbottom and has five children: Thomas, Jane, Wilham (of Cumberland No. Two First Aid team), Lorenzo and Ethel.

His chief diversions are hunting, fishing and gardening. He fishes at Willow Creek Lake and up in the Hoback Canyon region, farther north, where he enjoys week-ends when mining is slack. But he, like other Cumberland old timers, likes to tell about "the days of real sport" when elk and deer and antelope were near-by neighbors.

Tom L. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards with two huge cabbages grown in their garden at Cumberland No. Two, in 1928. Cabbages weighed 11 and 11½ pounds.

It is thirty years since the elk left for more remote parts but deer and antelope stayed in the vicinity of Cumberland until more recent years.

Mr. Edwards likes the Employes' Magazine and told that the evening meal waits while it is read on distribution night. He was interested to see the photograph of an old friend, Maggie Mason, in a recent number and her husband whom he knew before his marriage. He missed the last Old Timers celebration but will be ready to meet his old friends again next June.

Old Timer Joseph Sickich of Rock Springs

Joseph Sickich, who counts twenty-five years employment with The Union Pacific Coal Company, was born in Gracac, Austria, in 1875, and came to the United States in 1904. With him came his wife and his eldest daughter, then a tot of six months. He began to work for the Union Pacific almost at once, is a member of the Old Timers' Association and the proud possessor of its twenty-year service button.

For a short time he lived in Superior, having been transferred there, but has spent the bulk of his American years in the Lowell district, Rock Springs.

In Austria he worked in a farming district and, having served his term of military service there, had an opportunity to see a good deal of his native country. He has, however, no desire to go back even for a visit since the death of his parents. "My own children were born here. They go to American schools. We are all Americans now. My children would not understand or like the ways in Austria. They belong here and I belong with them," is the way Mr. Sickich explains his feeling about America and his complete devotion to his town. He has seen Rock Springs grow too, has grown with it. However, he says he is glad to leave the making of plans for its larger development to Mayor Bunning and suggests that he would like to see more of America. Indeed it would almost seem that he might soon be found tagging after the car of Old Timer Bob Muir the next time he trips west to California.

But he'd be back again for the next Old Timer's gathering none of which he's missed so far—and all of which he's enjoyed very much.

George F. Wilde

Bishop George F. Wilde of Cumberland was born at Coalville, Utah, on November 25th, 1869. He began to work for the Union Pacific Railroad when he was fourteen years old.

Twenty-eight years ago, in February, 1901, Mr. Wilde moved to Cumberland and began to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company. He has filled many responsible posts, has been assistant foreman and mine foreman in No. 1 Mine, and is now mine foreman at No. 2 South.

Mr. Wilde has served the Church of Latter Day Saints as Bishop of the Cumberland Ward of the Woodruff Stake for twenty-one years, and there are few of the homes of the congregation at Cumberland which have not known his kindly ministrations and counsels during times of sorrow, and few homes where his sharing has not enriched the joys.

Mr. Wilde offers those who are younger some advice

Old Timer Joseph Sickich and his family. They are, reading from left to right, standing: Katie, Mike and Pete; seated: Annie, Mrs. Joseph Santich, Mother Sickich, Louis, Joseph and John.

Here is a picture of the family of Bishop Geo. F. Wilde of Cumberland whose parents were pioneers of the Great West. They are, reading from left to right, standing: Farrel, Fred, Mrs. Geo. Boam (deceased), Bryant, Mrs. Clem Eyre, Mrs. Elwood Hoffman; seated: Paul, Gordon, Mrs. Geo. F. Wilde, Bishop Geo. F. Wilde, and seated on her father's knee, Miss Joyce Wilde.

out of his years of experience, and his large opportunity to know people. He suggests that a beginning worker should:

Remember that you should have the Company's interest at heart as well as your own.

Don't be anxious to have the whistle blow, you'll enjoy your work more if you let it absorb you so that you forget the whistle.

Be careful of your earnings, use them wisely.

Play your part in the work and life of the community. It is your home.

Bishop and Mrs. Wilde have eight children; five sons and three daughters. The sons are: Bryant H., Farrel, Fred, Paul and Gordon; and the daughters: Mrs. C. G. Eyre of Lyman; Mrs. Elwood Hoffman of Coalville, Utah, and Miss Joye, who teaches in the Cumberland schools.

Chris Johnson, Cumberland

After forty-four years of continuous service with The Union Pacific Coal Company Chris Johnson of Cumberland says that the most interesting of those years were spent diamond-drilling in new coal areas. It was a bit of pioneering and for almost eighteen years Mr. Johnson did drilling "here and there and everywhere" to quote himself—in Reliance in 1904, in the Cumberland district thirty-two years ago; around Superior; in Oakley before there was a Diamondville or a Kemmerer. There was interest and adventure in it and Mr. Johnson likes to look back now and remember his own particular kind of pioneering.

The Distant Road

Blessed is the man that beholdeth the face of a friend in
a far country,
The darkness of his heart is melted in the dawning of
day within him,

It is like the sound of a sweet music heard long ago and
half forgotten:
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood when the
winter is ended.

(Continued on opposite page)

William Beach, now of Coalville, Utah, and Chris Johnson of Cumberland with a diamond drill at Reliance in 1904.

Here are two old-time First Aid teams. They are, first, Cumberland No. 1 Team, reading from left to right: J. M. Faddis, Pat O'Connell, James E. Faddis, Peter Boam, Jr. (deceased), Wm. Goddard, William Gibbs, Will McLean and Geo. L. Blacker, then State Mine Inspector. And, to the right is the Rock Springs No. Seven Mine team and sponsors: John Maxwell, Charles Gregory, John Delebetta, William Black, Archie Auld, Mike Palko, Johnnie Sorbie, Sam Radakovich and John Thomas.

The reputation of being most excellent fishermen, which these gentlemen enjoy, extends over a long period. Here are Messrs. Matt Medill, Fess Martin and Billy Iredale on a fishing trip long before the days of automobiles. And successful!

(Continued from preceding page)

I knew not the sweetness of the fountain till I found
it flowing in the desert,
Nor the value of a friend till we meet in a land that was
crowded and lonely.

The multitude of mankind had bewildered me and
opposed me,
And I complained to God, Why hast Thou made the
world so wide?

But when my friend came the wideness of the world
had no more terror,
Because we were glad together among men to whom we
were strangers.

It seemed as if I had been reading a book in a foreign
language,
And suddenly I came upon a page written in the tongue
of my childhood:

This was the gentle heart of my friend who quietly
understood me,
The open and loving heart whose meaning was clear
without a word.

O thou great Companion who carest for all the pilgrims
and strangers,
I thank thee heartily for the comfort of a comrade on the
distant road.

Old No. Seven Mine photographed thirty-five years ago by Mr. Joe Clark (now deceased) who was hoisting engineer at Cumberland for twenty-two years.

If I Were a Voice

Charles Mackay

Garfield defined a college as a log with Mark Hopkins on one end and a student on the other. So in all the relations of life that which counts most is a vital personality with loftiness of vision.

If I were a Voice—a persuasive Voice—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song
In praise of the Right—in blame of the Wrong.

If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice—
I'd fly on the wings of air,
The home of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek
And calm the truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
and teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice—a controlling Voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And, whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash,
And into their binding bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them a Christian Brotherhood.

If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice—
I'd speak in the peoples ear;
And, whenever they shouted "Liberty",
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world wide way,
And, making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice.

If I were a Voice—a pervading Voice—
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone, in their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the sages of age repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

Ready to Argue

An army chaplain, meeting a Scotchman who had taken a "drop too much" offered to guide him to the barracks.

On the way Jock became discursive. "Ye ken, chaplain," he remarked, "my faither is a very releegious mon, and I'm that way inclined masel'. Noo, I'd like to ha'e a bit of an argument with ye on predestination."

The chaplain was much amused. "Hadn't you better wait until you are sober, Jock?" he replied.

"Hoot mon," said the Scot, "I don't care a d — — about predestination when I'm sober."

Well—Didn't They?

"What was George Washington noted for?"
"His memory."
"What makes you think his memory was so great?"
"They erected a monument to it." —Pitt Panther.

Laughs

Great Scott

Yes, she assured him that she was passionately fond of Literature.

"Then you must have read Scott," he said.

"I think he's just delightful!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't the Lady of the Lake exquisite?" he asked.

"Perfectly lovely!" was her ardent reply. "I have read it a dozen times!"

"And 'Marmion' and 'Peveril of the Peak'!"

"I just dote on both of them,' she said.

"And 'Scott's Emulsion'?" he asked, getting somewhat suspicious.

"I think," she said, "that it's the best thing Scott ever wrote!" —Haldeman-Julius Weekly

Don't Kid a Private

At one of the western camps was a young rookie who, during the first few days of his sojourn, was the victim of so much guying that he doubted all men and their motives. One night while he was on guard the tall figure of one of the officers loomed up in the darkness before him. "Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Major Moses," replied the officer.

The rookie scented a new joke. "Glad to meet you, Moses, old top, he said cheerfully, "Advance and give the Ten Commandments."

The End of An Antique

Maid: You know that old vase, mum, you said 'ad bin' handed down from generation to generation?

Mistress: (Anxiously)—Yes?

"Well this generation 'as dropped it!"

—Passing Show.

Different

First: Have any of your family connections ever been traced?

Second: Yes, they traced an uncle of mine as far as Canada once. —Michigan Gargoyle.

An Improvement

Visitor: I must say, Mrs. Brown, your Ellen's improvin' in 'er playin'!

Ellen: (from within) I'm not playin'! I'm just dusting the pianner. —Northern Daily Telegraph.

Still Possible

The Sister:: Captain Randall proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me—he's only known me a week.

The Brother: Oh, then, perhaps he does! —Humorist.

Not Done

Young Knut: I say, waitah, nevah bring me a steak like that again.

Waiter: Why not, sir?

Young Knut: It simply isn't done, old thing!

—London Opinion.

Olive Taste Acquired

May: I'm going to call our new girl "Olive."

Pole: Why zat?

May: "Because I'm learning to like her."

—John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

Oh, Dear

"I have just bought a new set of balloon tires."

"Funny, I didn't know you even had a balloon."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

Or Motif

Professor (in music): What is the motive in that composition of Tzychinosky's I just played?

Voice from rear: Sounded like revenge.

—Penn State Froth.

Interpreted

Wife: Oh, dear, I'm always forgetting.

Husband: So I notice. Always for getting this, or for getting that! —M. I. T. Voo Doo.

The Status Quo

Playing over an Irish links, a choleric colonel lost his ball and accused his caddie of having stolen it. When a moment later it was found, the golfer began an apology. "Arrah, niver mind at all, at all," said the boy, "you thought Oi was a thafe and Oi thought you was a gintleman, an' begorra, be both made a mistake."

—Golf Illustrated.

Figuratively Speaking

Judge: "Well, John, I can give you this divorce, but it will cost you three dollars."

John: "Three dollars, boss?"

Judge: "That's the fee."

John: "Well, boss, I jes' tell ya, I don't b'lieve I wants no divorce. There ain't three dollars' difference 'tween dem two wimmen."

Reason for Tears

A man was standing disconsolately on a station platform. On being asked by a friend why he looked so miserable, he replied, "Ive missed my train—and by half a minute."

"Good heavens!" said his friend. "Cheer up! Anyone would think, to look at you, you had missed it by half an hour."

Short and Snappy

Tim Callahan was working for a railroad. The Superintendent told him to go along the line looking for washouts.

"And don't be so long-winded in your next report as you have been in the past," said the Superintendent. "Just report the condition of the roadbed as you find it, and don't use up a lot of needless words that are not to the point. Write a business letter, not a love letter."

Tim proceeded on his tour of inspection, and when he reached the river, he wrote this report to the Superintendent:

"Sir: Where the railroad was, the river is."

Literary Union

"Why, my dear man, right now my poetry is being read by twice as many people as before."

"So! You went and got married, did you?"

Service Extra

A colored preacher had just concluded a sermon on "Salvation am free," and announced that a collection would be taken up for the benefit of the parson and his family. A member in the audience objected to the paradoxical nature of the proceedings and received this bit of negro logic in response:

"S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink your fill, couldn't you? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin'. Dat water would be free. But, sposin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house, yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'? Waal, brudder so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de habin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'."—Tatler.

British Use Pulverized Fuel On Steamship

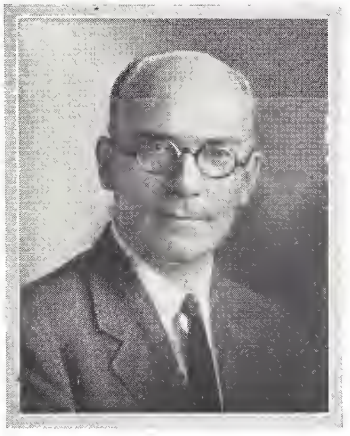
The following report from the American Trade Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, gives pertinent data regarding the operation of the pulverized fuel power plant aboard the SS. "Stuartstar," a recent conversion from oil to coal:

"The comparison between pulverized coal and hand-fired coal showed an advantage of from 18 to 20 per cent in favor of pulverized fuel. This means that the same work can be done with from 18 to 20 per cent less steam. It had another advantage, as with the hand-fired coal ashes and clinker accumulated in furnaces and it was necessary to clean out many fires at intervals during the regular four-hour watches. The steam pressure then fell and the speed of the vessel was reduced until the fires again reached full capacity. This meant that in order to maintain a certain average speed between the cleaning, the speed had to be at a higher rate than the average. With the pulverized system, which was continuous, the steam pressure was continuous. Also, smaller fuel could be used than was possible on firebars or by hand-firing. It was estimated that pulverized coal was about 6 shillings ($1.46) per ton cheaper than coal required for hand firing.

"It was stated that as space was a very important factor in a vessel it was not economical to use the lowest grades of fuel for pulverization, but it was possible to use German brown coal containing a high percentage of ash and from which 30 per cent of oil had been extracted and only 7 to 8 per cent of value had been left. Anything combustible, in fact, could be burned." —*Coal Mining.*

Program by Cumberland Band

Washington's birthday, February 22nd, was celebrated by just every man, woman and child in Cumberland because the band entertained on that night at a Washington program and social evening.



P. A. Young, bandmaster, Cumberland, Wyoming.

A committee had represented the Band in making arrangements. Invitation lists? They were easy. Everybody in Cumberland was invited. And everybody came. Program? That was easy too, with so much musical talent from which to draw. Secretary Thomas Dodds, whose interest in the band is enormous, printed the programs—hand blocked lettering, with pictures of Washington in one corner and Bandmaster P. A. Young in the other, and numbers as follows:

Selection ..... Cumberland Band
Speech ..... E. G. Blacker, Mine Supt.
Cornet solo ..... P. A. Young
Piano duet ..... Mae Dexter and Louise Jenkins
Reading ..... Miss Lois Stewart
Musical selection .. Richard Dexter, Jr., and company
Clarinet duet ..... Tommy Dodds and Ernest Galassi
Cornet duet ..... Edward Remitz and Edward Subic
Selection ..... String band
Song ..... High School Glee Club

Bandsman James Kallas, Samuel Dexter and Howard Bartley planned for refreshments—sandwiches the shape of violins and nearly as big as drums. At least Tommy Dodds and Ernest said that after they'd had their thirteenth the sandwiches looked that large. George Hunter was borrowed from the Scots to lead the grand march.

Everybody had a wonderful time and everybody was glad to have the Cumberland Band add another feather to its cap, even if its cap does look like the pet head gear of a very vain Indian Chieftain already.

Cumberland Honors Bobby Burns

There wasn't any question about it being a Scottish party when Usher George Hunter, in Highland costume, met guests at the door and gave them "a Scotch convoy" to their seats and back again on the night of January twenty-fifth. It was Cumberland's best doing honor to Bobby Burns at the invitation of the Cumberland Community Council. Of course when Mine Inspector D. K. Wilson arrived and found that there was no one taking tickets he backed away saying, "Mon alive, I've gotten into anither party. This couldna be the Scot's ane. Of course I hoped I'd get in free ma sel' since they spiered o' me would I talk aboot Bobby. But no ticket man at all! It's more than natural if, its the right place."

George Hunter in his kilts, sporan and glengarry, official usher of the Cumberland Burns' celebration.

But it was—and presently Superintendent George Blacker remarked that he was glad to see that everybody in Cumberland was Scottish as he welcomed one of the largest gatherings united Cumberland ever had. The program, which was very much enjoyed by everybody, was as follows:

1—"Flow Gently Sweet Afton" .... High School Chorus
2—Solo—"Annie Laurie" ..... Miss Ethel Edwards
3—Selection—"I Love a Lassie" ... By String Orchestra
4—Dance ..... Lula Bean
5—Reading ..... Miss Lois Stuart
6—Address on Robert Burns ..... George Hunter
7—Duet, "Bella the Belle O'Dunoon" .....
..... Mrs. Ackerlund and Mrs. Draycott
8—"Highland Fling" ..... Mrs. Frank Marocki
9—Remarks ..... D. K. Wilson
10—"Auld Lang Syne". High School Chorus and Audience

After the program was dancing when two orchestras, relieving each other, played until the "Wee sma' 'ours."

George Hunter's talk on the life of Burns—The Scottish Poet—was a masterpiece of illustration and fact and deduction—and of everyday lessons too as he discussed Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' that." Billy Beans dancing of the Highland Fling was perfect and Scots like D. K. Wilson and Mrs. Draycott and James Kallas danced the rye waltz several times.

The singing of "Auld Land Syne," the time-honored closing song of Scottish gatherings, came all too soon and surely the Cumberland Burns' night will never "be forgot."

How to Get the Worms

By "Doorways" in the Southern Builder

Said the little young red rooster, "Gosh all hemlock! Things are tough.
Seems the worms are getting scarcer, and I cannot find enough.
What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me.
There were thousands through that rainy spell—but now where can they be?"

The old black hen, who had heard him, didn't grumble or complain;
She had gone through lots of dry spells; she had lived through floods of rain.
So she flew up on the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet,
As she said, "I've never seen the time there weren't worms to get."

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm.
The little rooster jeered, "New ground! That's no place for a worm."
The old black hen just spread her feet; she dug both fast and free.
"I must go to the worms," she said; "the worms won't come to me."

The rooster vainly spent his day, through habit, by the ways
Where fat, round worms had passed in squads back in the rainy days.
When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in accents rough,
"I'm hungry as a fowl can be! Conditions sure are tough."

He turned then to the old black hen and said, "It's worse with you,
For you're not only hungry, but you must be tired, too.
I rested while I watched for worms, so I feel fairly perk;
But how are you, without worms, too, and after all that work?"

The old black hen hopped to her perch and dropped her eyes to sleep,
And murmured in a drowsy tone, "Young man, hear this and weep:
I'm full of worms and happy, for I've dined both long and well.
The worms are there as always—but I had to dig like hell!"

Daily Haunts

An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with one of the colored servants. "Sam," he said, "if you die first, I want you to come back and tell me what it's like over there. If I die first, I'll come back and tell you what it's like."

"Dat suits me, Massa," replied the old negro, "but if you dies first, Ah wants you to promise me dat you'll come back in de daytime."—Christian Leader.

Wasn't Sure

Jack: "Say, Gus, what is this steel wool I hear so much about?"

Gus: "I'm not sure, Jack, but I think it is made from the fleece of hydraulic rams."

Of Interest to Women

If We Were Giving Gifts of Qualities

When the Fairy Blackstick was invited to certain royal christenings, as we are told in Thackeray's pleasant story "The Rose and The Ring" she is said to have waved her wand over the cradles in turn and remarked, "My poor child, the best thing I can give you is a little misfortune." Perhaps, in those days, rulers were more uniformly lucky than they are now, and Blackstick who, till that time had showered favors, thought a bit of trouble would do them good.

In this day, had we the power of a Blackstick, we'd scarcely give any child "a little misfortune" as our gift. But, supposing we permit ourselves to think about the possibility of giving assets at all, what would we give?

Let's suppose we could. What would it be? And let's suppose it couldn't be a purely social or commercial advantage but a wise workable weapon for every-day life anywhere. And let's suppose the infant, to whose christening we are asked, with adequate health and mental inheritance—and ourselves with only this one godmotherly gift to bestow.

We'll ask advice. Someone suggests, "Vitality, because that's what puts things over." Not so good is it? Aren't we, as a people, already too prone to listen, not to the man or woman who has the wisest thing to say, but to the man or woman who can say things with most vigor? Not so good.

A doctor friend suggests, "Resilience"—the sort of basic spirit which makes a person get up again and again in spite of knock-down blows. A good attribute. Others suggest, "Sincerity," "Kindness," "A Sense of Humor." All admirable.

A professor suggests "Appreciation of Beauty" since to appreciate is to possess in a way nothing can take way. And of course we'd expect an artist friend to say "Sense of Proportion" not only in art but in measuring oneself against life and its events.

Perhaps a lawyer or a scientist would suggest "Individual Independence of Thought" for which there is need enough.

A teacher, who has been troubled with inattentive pupils says she'd give "Concentration," and someone else says that to "Know one's own Limitations" would be the sum of wisdom. A young friend used to quote Bill Nye's "Don't never do nothing that ain't your forte." But wait, what of Disraeli, Prime Minister of England who, when he made his first speech in the British House of Parliament, spoke so badly that he was laughed at. "But you'll hear me yet!" he said. And they did.

"Self-Confidence" is often mentioned, perhaps rightly, but would seem to need qualification. A philanthropist offers "Spirit of Love" and a good clergyman "Proper Humility." And another wise person says "Reticence and Self-Control."

Now, what have we for a gift to give a child who, remember, is already possessed of health and a good mental inheritance! Someone says we've forgotten the most important thing for any child—a wise mother. Agreed. But we were considering mental attributes. So here we have, Reticence and Self-Control (and if these were used in daily life, they'd stop gossip, dangerous confiding and untruth), Independence of Opinion, Appreciation of Beauty, Spirit of Love, the Humility of Wisdom, Concentration, Knowing One's Limitations, and Self-Confidence. And did we forget the "Will to Serve"? We shouldn't have.

But for ourselves we'd like to offer "Understanding"—not just tolerance but understanding that sees facts

and justice. Understanding must be accurate because it knows. It comprises some of the other attributes too, an interest in folks, humor, sincerity, a sense of justice, perhaps courage, for understanding will not rationalize in or out of an opinion. It knows. It will not accept unproved opinions of others. It knows. We think we'd like to give the child understanding. And we thank all our friends for their help.

"Don't Care" and "Never Mind"

The "don't care" attitude is the passive ally of suffering and evil. The "never mind" attitude is the sunny champion of the good which yet may be wrought.

"Don't care" is no friend of mine.
I "don't care" for him.
When he comes it is a sign
Sense is growing dim.
He is not the thing of pride
Some folks seem to think.
Folly is his constant guide,
Bread and meat and drink.

Not to care when things go wrong,
Not to care when ill
Rises up to check your song,
And your heart to chill—
That were foolishness indeed
Of an arrant sort.
Nothing is too slight to heed
On the way to port.

But the sunny "Never Mind",
He's a different wight.
Helps us when the day's inclined
Not to treat us right;
Softens every bitter blast,
Warms us when we're cold;
When the sky is overcast,
Keeps us blithe and bold.

Bids all sorrow go its way.
Helps us stay our tears,
And when life seems drear and gray,
Quiets all our fears.
When it comes to share and share,
I shall be resigned
If some other gets "Don't Care"—
I'll take "Never Mind!"

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Mrs. John Grillos

"The same Father helps me here, loves my children here. He is above us all. Of course I like America, grand." We had been visiting with Mrs. John Grillos of Winton and realizing that there were comparatively few of her own country women near her, we'd asked if she had not missed her old world home in Crete, Greece — and were ourselves given a lesson in the reason for the kinship of the folks of America who have come from many lands, that as Mrs. Grillos said, "The same Father is above us all."

Mrs. John Grillos, Winton.

Mrs. John Grillos was born in Crete, Greece, and came to Hanna, Wyo., with her husband and two elder children, sixteen years ago. She did find it lonely at first until she learned to speak some English and until her children began to go to school. Then, as their contacts widened, she gave her interest to every concern of theirs and through them learned to know an American community.

Her oldest son, Manuel, (Mike) is a student at the Missouri School of Mines, having been the first winner of The Union Pacific Coal Company mining engineering scholarship, and Mrs. Grillos is tremendously proud of him. She has four other children: Master Murdick, who has taken over his elder brother's nick name and is now, by his own statement, "Mike" Grillos, Annie, Steve and Liberty, all teachers in their worker's school of Americanism and all fortunate to be able to learn from their mother that, "the same Father loves my children."

My Baby

This little poem, written by George McDonald, Scottish novelist and poet has been a real favorite and is lighted up with a fine fancy which carries the descriptions along.
Editor.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the Everywhere into here

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkle left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pretty ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bands and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs wings.

How did you all just come to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

This picture is from a photograph of the painting "Mother and Child" by Mary Cassatt, an American artist. It is thought by many authorities to be the most satisfactory picture of an American mother and baby we have. The painting is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

Our Young Women

Patriotism and the Star Spangled Banner

By Dorothy Robertson

This paper was read by Scout Dorothy Robertson of Reliance as a part of the February program arranged by Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro for the Rock Springs Woman's Club. Miss Dorothy illustrated her paper with the music of the "Star Spangled Banner." —EDITOR.

PATRIOTISM is the conviction that life itself, the most precious gift of Providence, is of secondary importance to the life of a nation. There is no finer quality of patriotism—love for country—than that which inspires men and women to be good citizens, such a patriotism makes them sacrifice leisure and pleasure and money and personal preference to serve the state.

My illustration of patriotism, the doing of a patriotic deed, will be the story of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Star Spangled Banner, an American patriotic song, was written by Francis Scott Key. After the burning of Washington, D. C., by the British soldiers in August, 1814, Dr. Wm. Blanes of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, threw three British refugees into jail and for this he was arrested by an English regiment and taken as a captive aboard a warship in Chesepeake Bay. John S. Skinner and Key of Washington were granted permission by Secretary of State James Monroe to intercede for the doctor and these two boarded the vessel just as it was preparing to bombard Fort McHenry, the chief protection of Baltimore. The British officers agreed to release Blanes but refused to allow the two Americans to leave the vessel until after the battle lest they should tell the plans to the patriots on land. On Tuesday, September 13, 1814, the bombardment began, continuing that day and almost all night. To Key and his companion it seemed imposisble that the Fort should survive the attack as its guns were small and its defendants were few. All night they walked the deck in anguish and even when dawn came could not discover the outcome because of haze and smoke. Suddenly at seven o'clock a rift in the mist showed for a moment the flag gleaming over the walls. Thrilled by the sight Key wrote the greater part of the poem on the back of an unfinished letter and completed the stanzas that night in a Baltimore hotel.

The next morning the poem was printed on hand bills and during the day Key's brother-in-law suggested that it be set to the tune used for a political song, "Adams and Liberty." A few days later the song was sung for the first time by an actor at a public meeting in Baltimore.

The United States Government keeps a flag floating continually over Key's grave at Frederick, Maryland, in memory of his great act of patriotism.

With the Troops

Rock Springs Nightingales

The Nightingales have been meeting at the home of their Captain, Miss Lois Page, on Saturday afternoons. Miss Page comes home from her school every week-end.

Merna Roberts, patrol leader of the Nightingales, gave a most excellent talk on patriotism at the February meeting of the Rock Springs Woman's Club.

Indians

First Aid practice occupies a part of every meeting of the Rock Springs Indians who entered their first team in

This is the Nyoda Troop First Aid Class which meets in No. Four Community Hall every Monday evening at 7:00 P. M. Doctor T. H. Roe, Supervising Instructor, is at the extreme left preparing to adjust a bandage. He is assisted by Richard Stanton, Dan Hackett and Johnny Potosnik.

The present membership of the Nyodas is as follows: Mary Marcina, Adella Proy, Velma McMullen, Mae Armstrong, Annie Wilde, Marie Malaboz, Katie Sickich, Annie Marcina, Genevieve James, Lucille Davis, Louise Wilde, Mary Skorup, Mary Jelouchan, Daisy Prych, Susie Chokie, Eva Skorup, Lola Hatt, Annie Chokie, June Hatt, Annie Lenart, Louise Sather, Mary Chokie, Agnes Cameron, Katie Begovich, Annie Graber, Mary Graber, Katie Copyak, Margaret Copyak, Marjorie Wilde, Merna Mathews, Dorothy Davis, Annie Markacich, Annie Majonivich and Florence Milovich. Miss Anna Cornieleussen is Captain.

The girls wear overalls during First Aid class because of the added convenience for bandage practice.

last year's contest. Bill Demorest and Mike Palka of the Rock Springs First Aid Club are instructors.

Grace Shedden, Margaret Stevenson, Billy Bell, Anna Sorbie and Mina Pryde of the Indians gave an excellent demonstration of the care of the American Flag for a patriotic program arranged by Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro at the Rock Springs Woman's Club. And they heard Mrs. Taliaferro's interesting paper on the history and making of the Flag which carried so much that was new as well as stories about her girlhood home, the city of Alexandria, around which centers so much of the romance of early American history.

Grace Sheddon, who led the Indians' demonstration of the care of the Flag.

And didn't everybody have a good time at the Indians' Valentine party given at Margaret Stevenson's home? Cupids and Hearts and the very finest program of Valentine games. Gallant young gentlemen like Grace and Billy. Lord Chesterfield himself might have taken lessons in deportment. It was a wonderful party.

Farewell for an Owlette

The Owlettes entertained at a supper party as a farewell courtesy to Hattie Edom who has gone to join her mother in Salt Lake City. Hattie was a member of Rock Springs' famous girls' basket ball team a few years ago, is a real out-doors girl and will be missed by the Scouts and on the tennis court where she was often to be found.

Winton Girls

The Winton Girl Scout Troop gave a bake sale recently for the Boy Scout Troop fund of Winton.

Winton girls plan to buy a new flag and standard for use in their meetings.

Misses Mildred Foster and Marian Brack have been appointed Second Lieutenants to help Captain Mrs. Bob Jolly.

At the Winton Troop's monthly social meeting on February 12th, Patrols-in-Council elected Catherine Spence, Senior Patrol Leader; Esther Yardley, Secretary and Jessie Aguilar, Treasurer. There were several new candidates and a new patrol division was effected. Patrol Leaders and Corporals were elected as follows: Patrol I, Leader, Mary McDonald; Corporal, Pearl Benson; Patrol II, Leader, Marian Brack; Corporal, Janette Spence; Patrol III, Leader, Josephine Brack; Corporal, Linda Letho. The patrols held a contest which the Rosebuds won. Each patrol was to choose a new name and to dramatize it, giving a new yell and song. It didn't take the Rosebuds long to pinch their cheeks to rosy hues and to choose the littlest girl for a bud and arrange the prize winning tableau. The "Medics" sounded 'most like a Medical College and, as might easily be supposed, was composed of First Aid girls. The "Evergreens" had high and beautifully dramatic trees but needed better music direction.

Reliance Bears

Rachel Buckles and Mary Kelly of Reliance took charge of the Bears' troop meeting during their Captain's illness. Mr. Hugh Kelly has started his class in the study of First Aid.

The Bears were proud of Dorothy Robertson's paper given at the Rock Springs Woman's Club.

(Please turn to page 122)

Our Little Folks

A Cobbler Poet

IN THE southern part of Germany lies the picturesque old city of Nuremberg. It is a charming place, with its quaint walls and towers, its clustering houses, and its pretty stream winding along through the center of the town. The little streets that twist and turn about, with their red-roofed houses creeping up close to one another, and even getting up on tiptoe, as it were, to peep over their neighbors' shoulders, look exactly as though they had stepped out of a picture book.

There is so much to be seen in Nuremberg, too, that even the people who have lived there all their lives never tire of their dear city. There are the museums with their fine pictures, the wonderful old castle, or Burg, as it is called, with its somber prison rooms, the quaint, beautiful fountains and statues, and the churches with their precious stained glass and their carvings, centuries old. In a word, the city of Nuremberg is like a marvelous box of treasures, which, no matter how much you take out of it, seems to be always full of new wonders and surprises.

The old city is rich in history, too. Moreover, about five centuries ago, there flourished in Nuremberg a group of very famous men, all of whom helped to make their birthplace honored and remembered. Here lived a great painter named Albrecht Durer, a marvelous sculptor, Adam Kraft, a woodcarver, Peter Vischer, and many others. Among them was a poet named Hans Sachs, who did as much as any one to make his native city famous and beloved, and about whom this story is written.

There was trouble and sorrow in Nuremberg when little Hans was born; for a great plague had swept through the town, killing very many people. But the coming of that little child marked the beginning of better times, and the joy he brought into his parents' house spread throughout Nuremberg; for just about that time the terrible plague disappeared as swiftly as it had come.

The father of little Hans was a shoemaker. In those days every lad was supposed to take up some trade when he had finished his schooling; and Hans gladdened his father's heart by deciding that he, too, would learn to make shoes. Accordingly, he was apprenticed to a master shoemaker, to study faithfully for three years, learning to make and mend every imaginable kind of footwear.

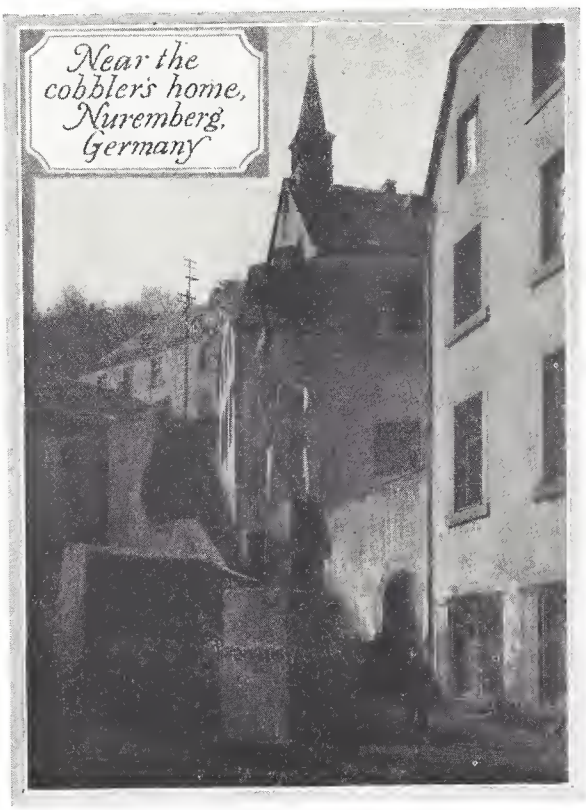
There were many other apprentices who daily sat on the bench with him, and no one suspected Hans of being different from his companions. But he was, indeed, very different, for he was a born poet and musician; and though in the daytime he studied shoemaking, to please his father, in the

evening, to satisfy his own deeper cravings, he studied under a very different kind of master—a mastersinger, as he was called.

There were many such men in Germany. To gain that title it was necessary to be not only musical, but good and pure of heart; and it was also necessary to learn a great many tiresome rules and laws, without which a lad could not become even a singer. Once a singer, the next step to compose some original poem and sing it to a well-known melody; but only when a singer could offer a song, of which both the words and melody were his own, and which was correct according to all the laws of the art, was he considered worthy to become a mastersinger, and to be crowned as such at one of the mastersingers' beautiful festivals.

To become a mastersinger was the great ambition of Hans's life; but his duty was to become a master shoemaker. At the end of a two-years apprentice he asked for his freedom. When the other shoemakers in surprise answered that he had still a year in which to study his art, his master showed them some work the lad had just completed, which was so excellent that Hans was set free, receiving, according to the time-honored custom, a final violent box on the ear from his master.

Then Hans bade good-bye to his parents, and started out, with his knapsack on his back, to make his way in the world. He was gone a long time, traveling through many places, and meeting with many adventures; but when, after many years, he returned to his friends at home, he brought with him the wreath he had won by a beautiful master song. He had obtained the wish of his heart.



After that Hans Sachs, master shoemaker and mastersinger, lived for many a year in his beloved Nuremberg, making and mending his townsmen's shoes, and also composing songs and poems that uplifted the people's hearts. A wonderful sight it must have been, some summer afternoon in Nuremberg, to see the poet sitting in the open doorway of his little shop, keeping time to the song he was singing, by hammering away at the shoe he was mending.

The people of Nuremberg loved Hans Sachs, as well they might; for when they were in trouble, he wrote bright, funny plays and poems to cheer them up. In joy and in sorrow the people of Nuremberg turned to the man who was really the soul and spirit of the town. He was an exception to the saying that a prophet is never honored in his own land; for honors were fairly showered upon him. But through it all he remained the simple shoemaker, singing his songs out of the fullness of a glad heart. He wrote in all no less than four thousand songs and plays, many of which ended in some quaint little phrase such as "So says Hans Sachs," "This hopes Hans Sachs."

Wagner, the great German musical composer, has left us a charming opera about the mastersingers of Nuremberg, in which Hans Sachs plays an important part. Through his help the good is made to triumph over the evil; and when at last, in a few simple words, Hans sings out his pride in his townsmen and his beloved Nuremberg, the people seize the crown from the younger singer who has just won it by his song, and press it upon their great master, singing jubilantly:

"Hail Sachs! Hans Sachs!
Hail Nuremberg's honored Sachs!"

—From Stories Worth Remembering.

Old Mister Wind

Old Mister Wind, he just enjoys
Making the grown-up people cough
Blowing their hats and mufflers off—
But he's a friend to all the boys!
He makes my grown-up sister fret
Because her hair won't stay in place,
Blows every which way 'round her face—
The maddest girl you ever met!

But he and I have lots of sport
"Come on, my boy, let's sail your kite!
I'm blowing up a breeze just right!"
He whispers. Then we have a sort
Of race, up hill and down. It's grand!
My kite sails high just like a bird!
At home, though, I don't say a word
Of this—no one would understand!

"The Queen" of the Indians

THERE once lived a woman who had everything to make her happy,—health, all the comforts that wealth can bring, a fine, noble husband, a beautiful son, and, above all, a clever, well-trained mind and a kindly nature with which to enjoy all these things.

The world seemed very beautiful to her, as well it might; but she was so surrounded by happiness herself that, perhaps, she forgot there was such a thing as unhappiness for other people. At all events, she seemed fully content to live her own life, taking all the good things that had been so richly showered upon her, and thinking very little of the people who were less fortunate.

But, as our poet Longfellow has said:

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

We cannot always have sunshine. Some of us pout and are cross when the sun goes behind a cloud; but others accept the clouds without complaining. It is of this second class of people that heroes are made.

Suddenly the clouds gathered thickly about the life of this woman, Helen Hunt, known in later years as Helen Hunt Jackson. Her husband was killed while testing a new kind of a gun he had invented, and not very long afterward her only child, too, died. Then she shut herself up in her room and no one could comfort her.

In these anxious days many people wondered how grief would affect one who had always been so happy. But she belonged to the class out of which heroes are made; otherwise you would not be reading this story about her. So, after a while, she came out of her room, and met people with a smiling, cheerful face, and looked about her for something to fill the place of the happiness she had lost.

The first thing she did was to write poems—such simple, sweet little songs, that they went right to people's hearts; and many mothers were comforted for the loss of their sons when they read the beautiful lines which "H. H.." as she signed herself, had written of hers.

But that was not enough. She looked around to find the people who were most in need of sympathy; and she read and observed and thought until it came into her mind and heart that the poor, ill-treated Indians of America were living under a heavy cloud. Then she wrote and talked about the Indians so much, at last, the government in Washington was roused to action.

A party was sent to investigate, and report whether the things to which "H. H." had opened people's eyes were all as bad as they sounded; and if they were, to decide on what could be done to make them better.

One of that little band was none other than Helen Hunt Jackson herself. She went among the Indians, helped and taught them, and made them love her, so that they called her "The Queen." Still better, she made other people see the wrongs that had been done to the "Red Men," and urged them on to try to right the wrongs. Last of all, she wrote a story about the Indians—a story so beautiful and sad that it made many people first cry, and then long to help; so that we may say of "Ramona" that it did as much for the Indians as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the negroes.

We cannot tell into how many more people's lives this fine woman might have brought happiness and comfort, had she lived; but she was no longer as strong and healthy as she had been in her youth, and so her work was soon finished.

Her grave lies on the stony top of Cheyenne Mountain; but her memory should be close and near to all of us because of the beautiful things she wrote, and the splendid work she did for the Indians, and because she did it all to make up to other people for the sunshine that had gone out of her own life.

"Do not adorn with costly shrub or tree
Or flower, the little grave that shelters me.
Let the wild wind-sown seeds grow up unharmed,
And back and forth all summer, unalarmed,
Let all the tiny, busy creatures creep;
Let the sweet grass its last year's tangles keep,
And when, remembering me, you come some day
And stand there, speak no praise, but only say:
'How she loved us! It was for that she was so dear.' "

Calling

By Ethel Farmer

In winter when you make a call,
You wear your Christmas set,—
In summer take a parasol,
Unless it should be wet.
You mustn't ever stay too long;
To laugh out loud is very wrong,
You mustn't even hum a song,
When calling.

Perhaps they'll ask you to have tea;
You mustn't look too glad!
Must hold the china properly,
For spilling things is bad.
One cup of tea for manner's sake,
One (nearest you) piece of cake,
Then presently your farewell take,—
That's calling.

Hard to Hit

"See that girl over there?"

"Yep."

"Her name is Via. She jilted me for another guy, so I went to her wedding and threw rice and old shoes at her."

"Did you hit her?"

"No, Viaduct."—College Humor.

News About All of Us

Rock Springs

Ben Fernengo of No. 8 Mine has gone to Southern California, where he expects to locate.

Miss Margaret McClelland has returned to her home in Hanna after having visited for a week here with Miss Marian Chambers.

Joseph Iredale has returned to work after having been confined to his home with illness for the past ten days.

Mrs. Alfred Robertson has returned from Denver, where she has been visiting the past two weeks.

Mrs. Reynold Bluhm received a painful injury to her eye, when she was struck by a rock, which went through the windshield of her car.

Miss Carlene Ellen Crofts, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Myrle Crofts, entertained at a birthday party, the occasion being her seventh birthday.

Misses Blanche and Bernice Johnson have returned from Cumberland, where they visited with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Johnson.

Mrs. Dan Kelley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Robertson, has gone to Chicago, where she expects to locate.

Reynold Bluhm of No. Four Mine, Rock Springs, enjoyed the acquaintance of a Yellowstone Park bruin on his 1928 vacation.

Carl J. Carlson is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital, where he is recovering from severe injuries received while at work in No. 8 Mine on Saturday, February 2nd.

Mrs. William Bennett of Rawlins is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Vestor Matson.

Miss Helen Angelovic, teacher at Wamsutter, visited here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Angelovic, on Saturday and Sunday, February 2nd and 3rd.

Norma Bluhm, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reynold Bluhm, No. 1 Hill, Rock Springs.

Miss Jennie Kudar is recovering from a fall which fractured her right arm.

Katherine, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse James, is confined to her home with illness.

Charles Milos had his left leg fractured while at work in No. 8 Mine on Friday, February 8th. He is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Leslie have returned to their home in Cheyenne after having visited here with their daughter, Miss Dorothy Leslie and their niece, Mrs. E. A. Prieshoff.

Mrs. H. J. Arbogast and small daughter, Mary Louise, have gone to Long Beach, California, for a two months' visit.

Albert, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Stevenson, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis performed at the Wyoming General Hospital on January 22nd.

Mrs. Nick Burns, of Reliance, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parr on Wednesday, February 6th.

Reliance

The sympathy of the community is extended to the family of Mrs. Christina Spence Thompson, formerly of Rock Springs, who passed away at her home in Salt Lake City and was buried from Reliance on Sunday, January 27th, interment being made at Mountain View Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. McComas are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl born at the Wyoming General Hospital on Saturday, January 26th.

Mrs. Jack Koski has been ill but is recovering nicely.

Word has been received from Boulder, Colorado, that a baby boy has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Dave Freeman.

The Junior High School entertained at a party on Valentine's Eve.

Mrs. J. H. McPhie, who has been ill for some time is well again.

I. R. Halseth, High School Athletic Coach, is quarantined for small pox. Cecil Cuthbertson is substituting as coach.

Florence McPhie and Daisy Grosso visited with Miss McDiarmid after the Rock Springs-Kemmerer basketball game. Florence and Daisy are game fans.

Mrs. Tom Hall has returned from California much improved in health.

Margaret Telck and Billy Lawrence have both been on the sick list.

Little Betty Gibbs has been ill and is recovering nicely.

Reliance enjoyed the visit of Mrs. Kate Abrahams to the Scottish concert.

Cumberland

Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Ackerlund and Miss Mann have been hostesses for the Sewing Club during January.

The Sewing Club entertained the husbands of its membership at a delightful party on February 14th.

Superintendent George A. Brown of Superior and H.

Gavin Young and Master Buddy Young, on a fishing trip to Lake Louis, have made a comfortable camp.

Basil Winiski and Old King plowed the path to the home of Superintendent George Blacker on January 26th.

Harrington of Rock Springs were business visitors on January 18th.

Mrs. John Goddard has returned from a visit to Ogden and Salt Lake.

Charles Edwards Clark has just returned from Coalville, Utah, after attending the funeral of his mother. Mrs. Clark was the sister of the late Wm. Williams of Cumberland and was very well known here.

Mrs. Ruth Ackerlund has been in Coalville, Utah, to attend the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Clark.

Tom Miller is visiting at Superior, Wyoming.

Walt Johnson, the Store Manager, is visiting at Denver, St. Louis and Kansas City, Missouri.

We are having real winter at Cumberland, it was 42 degrees below zero on the night of February 5th.

Miss Amanda Groutage entertained a number of her friends at her home on St. Valentine's day, February 14th.

Miss Alberta Bean entertained a number of her friends at a card party Saturday evening, February 9th, at her home. Prizes were awarded to Miss Helen Goddard and Miss Dorothy Subic. At the close of the evening a dainty luncheon was served by the hostess.

Miss Jennie Subic of Tulsa, Wyoming, is visiting with her mother.

Winton

Mrs. Ed. Williams and children visited with Mr. and Mrs. Geo: Philips during the month. Mr. and Mrs. Williams expects to leave for Albuquerque, New Mexico, in the very near future.

Mrs. R. A. Dodds was honored on her birthday with a card party. Everybody had a good time.

Roy McDonald, Sr., is still at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, but is greatly improved in health.

Mike Zakovich has returned to Winton after a brief stay in Ely and Ruth, Nevada.

Harry Warinner's birthday was honored by his friends with a party given at the Robert Jolly home on January 31st.

Miss Rae Bingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bingham, has been confined to the hospital during the past month but is improved at this writing.

Mrs. Ed. McCurtain of Denver visited with our Fred McCurtain during the month.

S. Tynsky and John Motichka left for San Francisco, where they expect to locate. We hope the Frisco climate will be beneficial to "Switzer's" health.

Mrs. Bob Evans of Kemmerer is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Steneck.

Mrs. James Robertson and Dave Robertson, of California, have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bell.

Winton is proud of its girls always. And now Anna Herd has won a prize in the Rock Springs Woman's Club popularity contest. Hurrah for Anna!!!!

A large number of Winton people attended the Elks Annual Ball at Rock Springs.

Mr. T. H. Butler, Superintendent at Hanna, stopped to talk to us while making a short visit with his son, "Witty" Ben.

We are glad to see Doral Campbell about again after being confined with illness.

Mrs. C. W. Cates has returned to Winton after visiting with her mother in the East. Mrs. Cates' mother has been very ill.

Mr. Hans Mueller has resumed work after a most enjoyable sojourn in Los Angeles and vicinity.

Mr. Morval Henderson is a new arrival from Salt Lake City and is now working here. Welcome, Big Boy.

Emil Casangranda has been able to resume work after a long idle period on account of injury.

Hanna

Wm. Hapgood has purchased a new automobile.

Mrs. John Reese and daughter and Miss Betsey Dickinson visited relatives in Denver during January.

Mrs. Eliza While attended the funeral of Mrs. Joseph Cox at Denver.

Uno Hakala, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hakala, underwent an operation for appendicitis at Laramie.

The following members of the Hanna Just Kids Club broadcasted over Radio Station KWYO at Laramie on Saturday, February 2nd: Dona Jean Jones, Garnet Swearns, Beth Lee, Ruth Milliken, Margaret Buehler, Eloise Swearns, Doris Sherratt, Agnes Amoss, Dorothy Benedict, Marian Milliken, Marjorie Winchell, Ralph Swearns and Jack Lee, Jr. They were accompanied by Mrs. E. V. Swearns, Mrs. Henry Jones, Mrs. John Lee and Miss Alice Bulin.

Freda Pickup of Hanna, daughter of John Pickup, in the costume she wore at the Hanna Community Christmas program.

The members of the Ladies' Aid were entertained at a social meeting at the home of Mrs. Gwen Jones, on January 30.

Thos. Rodda was on the sick list during the month with an attack of appendicitis.

Mrs. William Freeman met with the misfortune of scalding her arm with hot coffee.

Mr. James O'Neil underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Methodist Hospital at Rawlins.

A very enjoyable social was given at the lodge room by the K. of P. Lodge for members and families and the Pythian Sisters on January 25th. A musical program was given by the Just Kids Club after which a delicious lunch was served.

Word was received here by relatives of Douglas Bailey, formerly of Hanna, that he is very ill at Kemmerer, Wyo.

The Eagles Lodge gave a dance at the dance hall on Saturday, February 2nd.

Miss Mabel Massey, who is teaching at Oakley, Wyo., spent the week-end of February 9th, here with her mother, Mrs. J. Massey.

Mrs. Doyle Weese and children who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Paul Peterson left on February 11th for

Morenci, Arizona, to join Mr. Weese who is employed there.

Mrs. Chas. Siltimaki accompanied Mrs. Weese and children to Denver where she will visit her husband, Chas. Siltimaki, who is undergoing medical treatment at Fitzsimmons' Hospital.

Mrs. Frank Rider, Jr., returned from a visit to California.

We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of Bob Salyers at Rolla, Mo.

Superior

O. G. Sharrer transacted business for The Union Pacific Coal Company at Los Angeles during the month of January.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Butler and sons of Winton with Mrs. Ed. Johnston of Rock Springs visited the McLennan home during the month.

Babies were born to Mr. and Mrs. Nick Thomas, a boy; Mr. and Mrs. Vigelo Christenelli, a boy; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. MacElfish and Mrs. and Mr. Nick Levar, girls. Congratulations. Welcome young ladies and gentlemen.

Green River and Superior played a good game of basketball here. The score was 12 to 38 in favor of Superior. We don't like to crow but it was a good game.

Saratoga played with Superior at Superior, the score was 14 to 42 in favor of Superior. Another good game.

Mrs. Geo. Noble entertained her 500 Club on the 22nd. A delicious hot dinner was served and prizes were won by Mrs. Fred Robinson, first; Mrs. F. O'Connell, second; Mrs. Wm. Van Valkenburg, consolation; Mrs. A. Smith, the guest prize.

Connie Jean Walker, sixteen-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wright Walker, Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barwick entertained at a turkey dinner, in honor of Wm. Barwick and Nick Mosher who have returned from California where they completed a course in auto mechanics. Covers were laid for Wm. Barwick, Nick Mosher, Misses Veva and Vella Wylam, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson and Miss Davis.

Mrs. Harry Wylam entertained the Ladies' Aid on Thursday. New officers were elected as follows:

President—Mrs. H. Wylam,
Vice President—Mrs. B. F. Garing,
Treasurer—Mrs. Ollie Jefferson,
Secretary—Mrs. J. Holt.

Mrs. Lee Chase and small daughter of Salt Lake City have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hansen and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sheets.

Wm. Van Valkenburg had a miraculous escape when the car he was driving skidded on the bridge near the Post Office, landing in the creek. Mr. Van Valkenburg received painful injuries to his face and head. The car was damaged to a great extent.

Graham Hood is confined to his home with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Dave Faddis was hostess to her bridge club at the Community Club House. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Richardson and G. A. Brown, first; Mrs. F. Robinson and W. Walker, second; Mrs. M. Arkel, consolation; Mrs. Paul Jones, guest.

Rud Robinson made a trip to California this month.

Mickey McLennan returned from a visit at Hanna with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler and Rodney McLennan.

Harry Wylam and Frank Avanzoni are confined to their homes with small pox.

Frank O'Connell returned from Denver where he has been a medical patient at Fitzsimmons hospital for fourteen weeks.

Tono

Mrs. Henry Brierley entertained in honor of her daughter, Myrtle, and Miss Elinor Johnson, of Kelso, on February 9th. Three tables were at play with high score going to Miss Johnson and George Galkowski and low to Jay Norman and Miss Wilma Glover. At a late hour a dainty three course luncheon was served. Those present were: Dorothy Arnell, Wilma Glover, Grace McCullough, Myrtle

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Brierley and Elinor Johnson of Kelso; Henry Becker, George Galkowski, Jay Norman, Ralph Brierley, Oliver Ingersoll, Henry Brierley.

Adolph Saaranen was taken to the St. Luke's Hospital again and was operated on Saturday morning, February 2nd. He is improving nicely at this writing.

Mrs. John Issacson entertained the Bridge Club at her home January 29th. Three tables were at play with high score for the evening going to Mrs. James Sayce, second to Mrs. James Corcoran and consolation to Mrs. M. J. Mardicott.

Mrs. Pete Olson from Hoods Canal spent a week with Mrs. Robert Murray.

Friends of Robert Murray, who underwent an operation at the St. Luke's Hospital, will be glad to learn that he is progressing very nicely and that he will soon be able to be around with his friends again.

The ladies of Tono have been having great sport every afternoon and evening sleigh riding and coasting while the snow was on the ground. They all wish the snow would continue.

Mrs. H. E. Waite of Troutdale, Oregon, spent a couple of weeks with her husband, Harry Waite, Tono agent.

Mrs. John Hudson was a recent hostess at a bridge party. The rooms were cleverly decorated in ferns and red roses. Three tables were in play with high score going to Mrs. Robert Murray, Mrs. Henry Brierley and Mrs. Bert Holmes.

The members of the Community enjoyed a pot luck luncheon and quilting bee at the Club House. Miss Hazel Kedder, Thurston County home work director, showed films in landscaping and gave an interesting lecture. Later members drew up plans for their own yards. It makes spring planting of shrubs and flowers much easier when one has visualized in a mid-winter drawing and worked out a color scheme.

Mr. William Seip of Centralia, former Tono resident, announced the marriage of his daughter, Edna, to Mr.

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Anzel Hipstrom, January 20th, 1929, at Seattle, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Scott.

The Tono Community Club has arranged for a series of parties at the Tono Community House. The first of the series was given on February 13th and was well attended.

Lois Clark, age three years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clark sustained severe burns about her shoulder and arms as the result of her clothing catching fire from a lighted stick that her brother, Bob, was holding. The child was taken to St. Lukes' Hospital, where her condition was reported as improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Olds and son, James, visited friends and relatives in Tono Sunday, February 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Eggler were called to McCleary Monday, January 28th, 1929, on account of the sudden death of Mr. Eggler's father. The funeral was held Wednesday from Elma. Mr. Henry Becker attended the funeral from Tono.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Planeta and Mr. and Mrs. John Maki were among those that motored to Silver Creek where they visited with Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rankin who has purchased a department store at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schuck, Sylvia Revel and Nat Flani spent Sunday, January 27th, in Portland, Oregon, visiting friends.

Mrs. Erickson, Mrs. Carrie Neibarger and Walter and Lest Neibarger, all of Aberdeen, spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. James Sayce and family. The party were on their way to Long Beach, California, where they expect to visit with friends and relatives. Mrs. Erickson is Mrs. Sayce's mother.

Miss Zelphia Wood, former Tono grade school teacher, who had been studying at Columbia University, New York, is now registered at the University of Paris, France, studying art. Miss Wood is a graduate of the University of Washington and her friends will be glad to hear of her fast advancement in the educational world.

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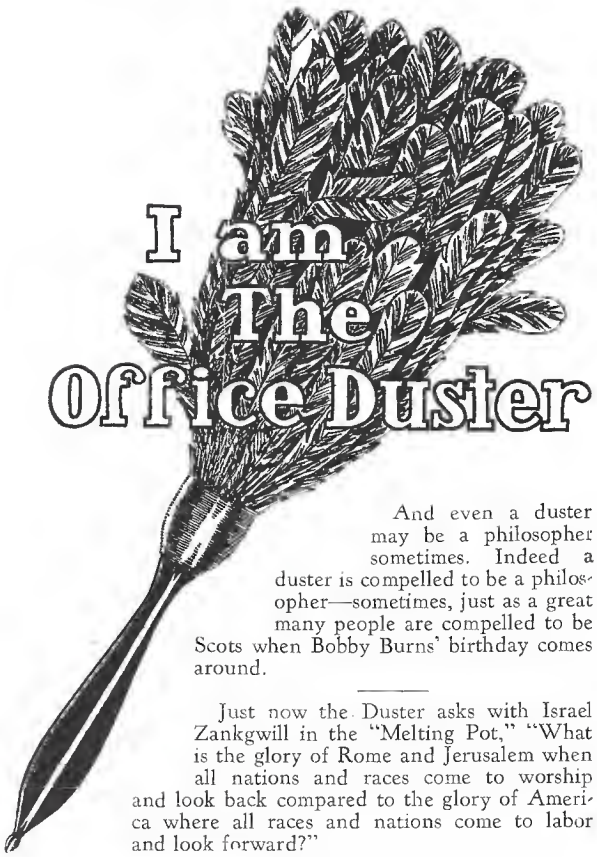

And even a duster may be a philosopher sometimes. Indeed a duster is compelled to be a philosopher—sometimes, just as a great many people are compelled to be Scots when Bobby Burns' birthday comes around.

Just now the Duster asks with Israel Zankgwill in the "Melting Pot," "What is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem when all nations and races come to worship and look back compared to the glory of America where all races and nations come to labor and look forward?"

Economic prosperity is not the sole object of government.
—*Herbert Hoover.*

If you've breathed the air of her Hills and Plains,
If you've watched her peaks in the gloaming
If you've felt her pride when her cowboys ride,
Then give a toast to Wyoming.

Doubt indulged soon becomes doubt realized.
—*Havergal.*

None of us want Fairy Blackstick to come to our christening. We'd rather have the Fairy of Good Luck, please.

Of course you know that the Office Duster gets all the scraps after the magazine departments are completed, things the departments don't need—or want. Well, the other day I found something rather good, a sort of protest, written on vivid green paper, which suggested that Senator Gibson be asked if he couldn't do something down in the Senate to manufacture a law restraining the Scots who, in their enthusiasm for Bobby Burns' celebrations, run the consideration of them over into March. "It's encroaching on Saint Patrick's Day" said the writer who always gets an embarrassment of riches in the form of green ties at Christmas time, and anyhow, I'm still suffering from the shock of the plaid spats my aunt sent me. Aunt has lived in London and quite thinks a man isn't dressed properly until he's donned these pedal accoutrements. But by the shades of the old shamrock itself, if I must have 'em, I'll have 'em green—in March. And as for these protracted Burns' discussions, let's sing "Mavourneen" and send for F. L. McCarty and the Safety Engineer.

Up in Cumberland they say: "A Band's a Band for a' that."

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Who was it said: "I hold every man a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men of course do seek to receive profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereto?"

Be sure to read the review of Carl Sandburg's story "The Prairie Years" by Arthur S. White. You'll enjoy it. The Duster did, very much, even if there wasn't one scrap left for the Duster's use. In his review of this story of the early years of the great Lincoln, the emancipator in the making, Mr. White says, "Three fine fundamental qualities are indicated: Humanity, decency, humility." Worth recording.

Cicero hath it that "Memory is the treasurer and guardian of all things," but sometimes Madam Memory fails to give us the right way round of a quotation. "Ain't it fierce?" What to do? Page our fluent penned neighbor of the Rocket and *ask* for help. In tenebris lux.

Doesn't everybody admire George Hunter of Cumberland in his kilts and glengarry?

Engineer Frank Hicks says his only objection to the severity of the winter is that it's spoiling his perfectly good passport to everywhere—"an honest face."

What, ho! You Cumberlanders in Tono! How would would like to come back and play snow balls? Plenty of snow for everybody and as good fun as ever.

Superintendent Blacker enjoys Scottish celebrations and speaks thus: "By the size of this gathering everybody in Cumberland must be Scottish. (Isn't our Band great?) Now Bobby Burns, I understand, was—was—(well, our Band is here!) was, oh, I'm sure he was a fine chap; indeed he was—By George! don't you suppose he was a bandsman?"

"Rudy" of Winton, director of a most successful children's orchestra, has ordered one dozen shamrocks for Saint Patrick's Day. He's cosmopolitan.

With the Troops

(Continued from page 113)

Troop I, Rock Springs

This troop meets every Monday evening at the Community Hall, No. 4, for First Aid, under the leadership of the following:

Dr. T. H. Roe, Mr. Dan Hackett, Mr. Richard Stanton, Mr. John Potochnic.

This class consists of an average membership of forty (girls from the ages of ten years to seventeen years) and all taking a decided interest in this work.

Wohelo Patrol—Under Troop 1

Wohelo Patrol meets at the home of Mrs. Pat Campbell, Lieutenant, every Wednesday evening, with regular scout work, under the leadership of the following:

Patrol Leader, MargaretWilde.

Corporal, Elizabeth Lycitt.

Secretary, Louise Wilde.

Treasurer, Lucille Davis.

This Patrol entertained at a Valentine party at the home of June Hatt, Wednesday evening, February 13th.

JUNE HATT, Scribe.

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By WALTER P. CHRYSLER

Exclusive Mono-piece Body Revolutionizes Motor Car Design

Dodge Brothers Six *Mono-piece Body* is the most sensational development among the recent new-car features.

Built inflexibly onto the wide chassis, the *Mono-piece Body* has that *inherent* rigidity which only single-piece construction can give. For the *Mono-piece Body* is literally one piece. There is not a seam from front to rear. Body sills, door openings, window apertures—all are fashioned from a single piece of metal.

There simply are *no joints to squeak* in this amazing *Mono-piece Body*. Tens of thousands of miles of hardest usage—continuous travel over the roughest roads—changing weather conditions—leave the Dodge Brothers Six Body as firm, as solid and as free of structural noises as when new. Perfect balance—exceptional riding steadiness—safety under every driving circumstance—are assured through the employment of *Mono-piece Body* design. And finally—no space is wasted within the car. Exceptional roominess is achieved with a new degree of grace. Doors and windows are extra wide. There is ample head, leg and elbow room.

It will well repay you to visit the nearest Dodge Dealer and examine *Mono-piece construction*. He has a special unfinished section of a *Mono-piece Body* which instantly reveals the reasons for its superior strength, its perfect rigidity, and why it will not develop squeaks and rattles.

Then ride in and drive the new Dodge Brothers Six. Learn what extraordinary performance, comfort, beauty and quality are possible in a car of so low a price. When you have compared these remarkable cars with any other values at or near their prices, we know you too will say the new Dodge Brothers Six —presented by Walter P. Chrysler—is the most important development in Dodge Brothers history.

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